

➤ A MODERN GRAPHIC RETELLING OF ANNE OF GREEN GABLES ⚡

# Anne of West Philly



BY IVY NOELLE WEIR  
ILLUSTRATED BY MYISHA HAYNES



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BY IVY NOELLE WEIR  
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## About This Book

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The text was set in Colby, and the display type is Westhouse.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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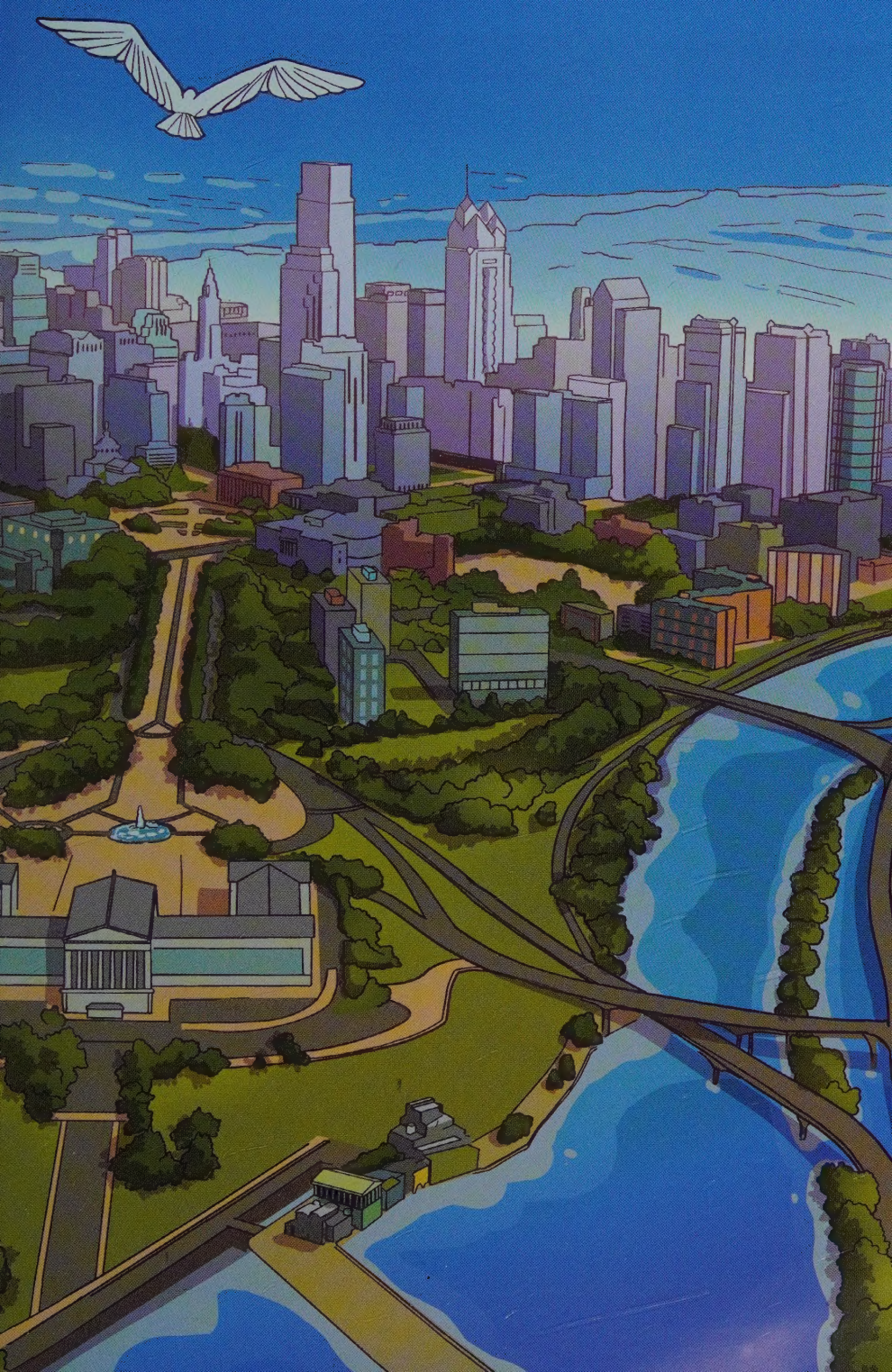


*For Hattie and Casper —INW*

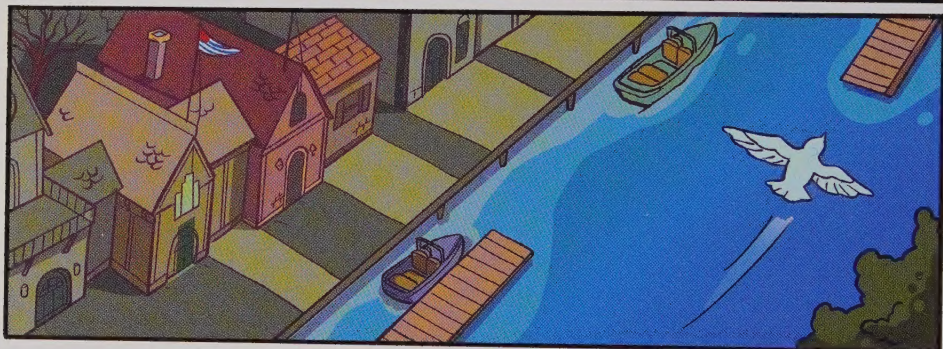
*To my loving family: Mom,  
Dad, and Darion—the  
Matthew to my Marilla—MH*





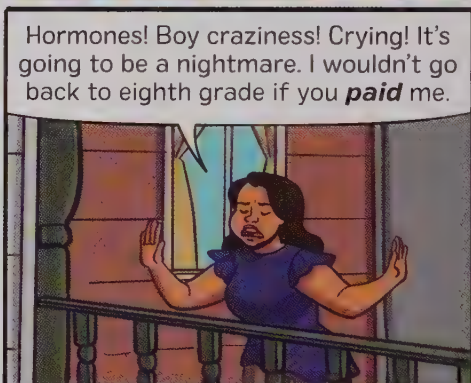






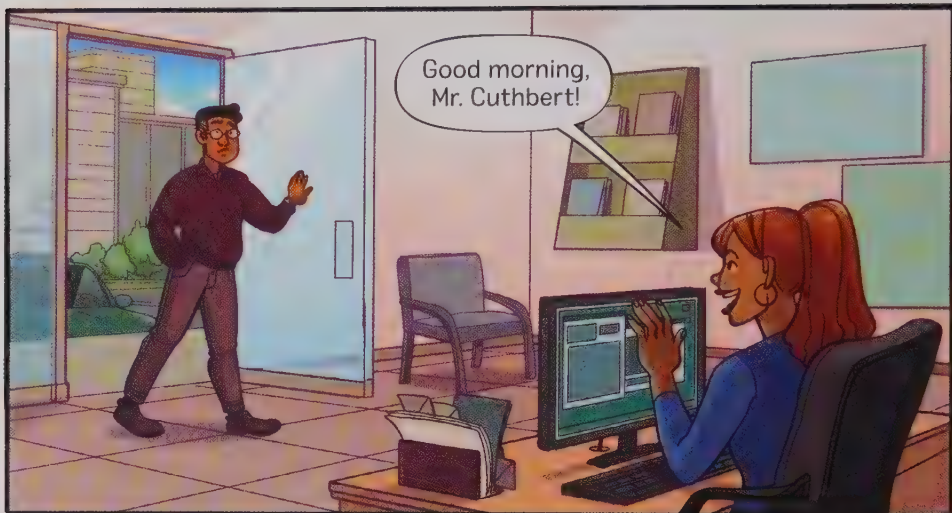










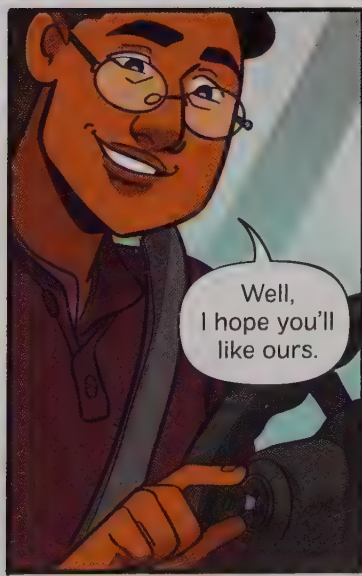


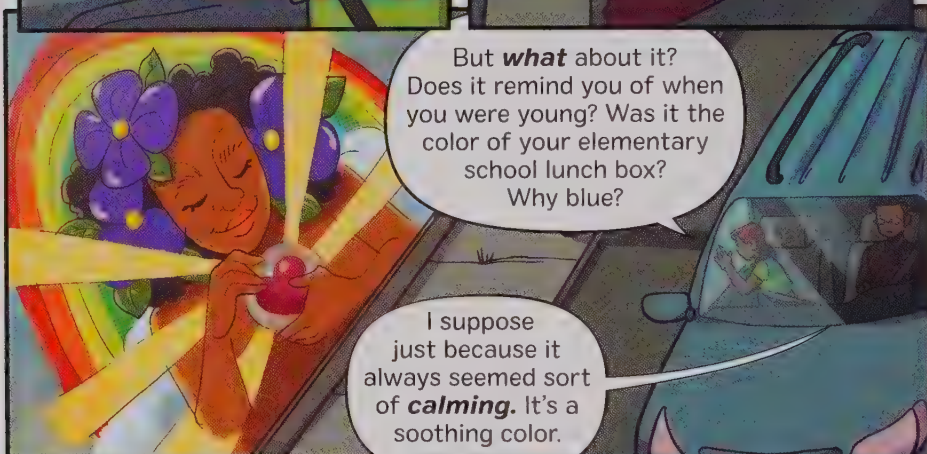




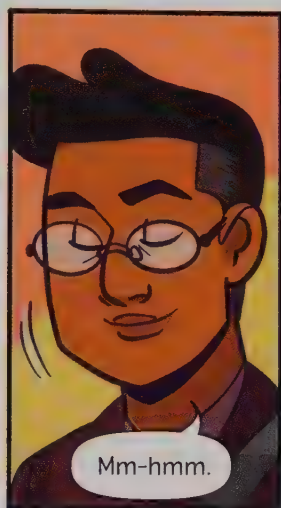














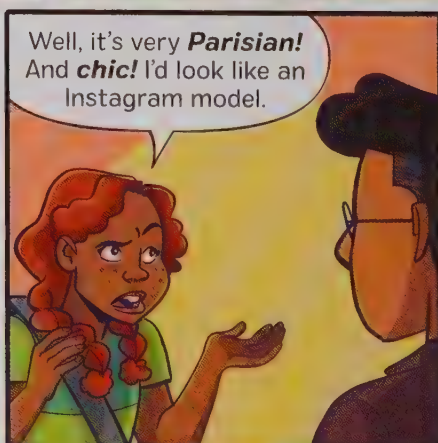
Completely  
agreed on doing what  
makes you happy; that's  
basically my life philosophy.  
For example, I love  
to **read**.

And because I've read  
so much, I'm very good at  
**understanding people**. I can  
immediately tell if someone is  
worth being friends with, or  
if they're a nervous person by  
nature, or if they're **hiding**  
something.

When you read, you  
see all kinds of characters,  
**basically** every kind of person  
who exists in the world, and so  
I feel like it's prepared me for  
what to expect from most  
people.

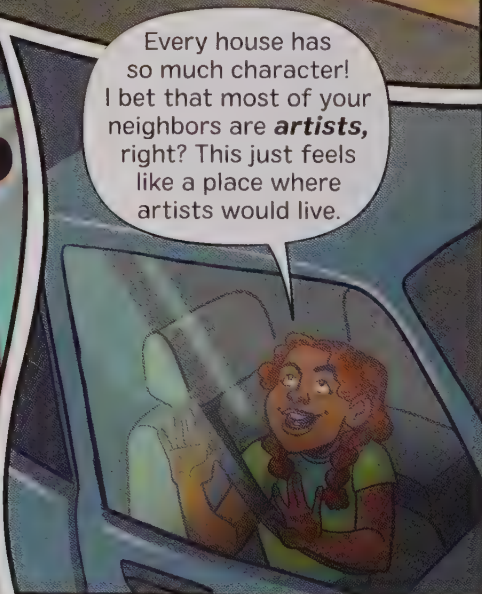




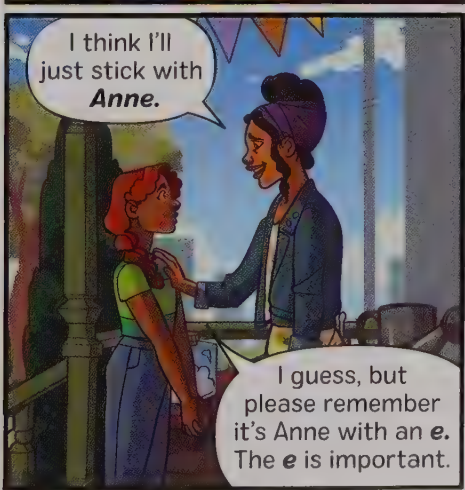














Anne is quite taken with the neighborhood.



Understatement of the year!  
I love it!

I was telling Matthew that I think most of your neighbors are probably **artists**. Are they?



I don't think so. Most of them are young families.



I bet at least some of them are. This place just has an artsy vibe.



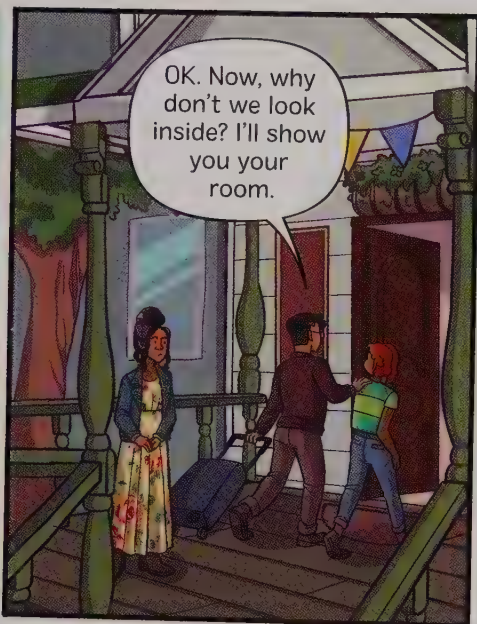
I'm going to just go ahead and look around, if that's OK!

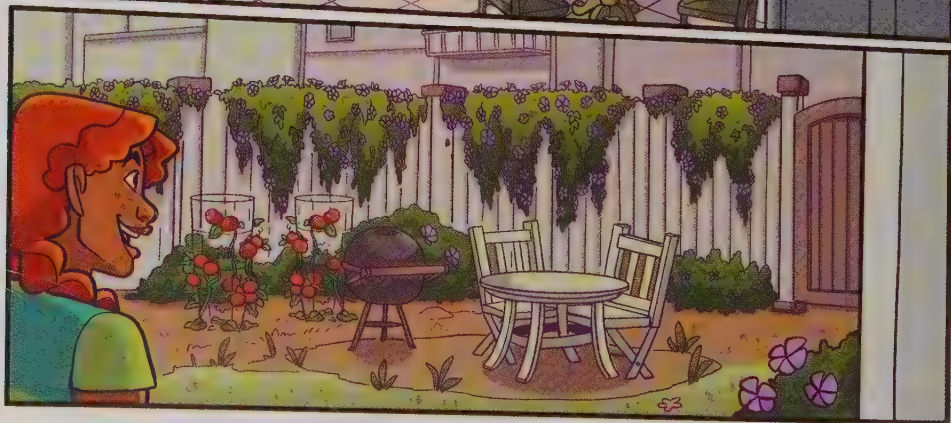
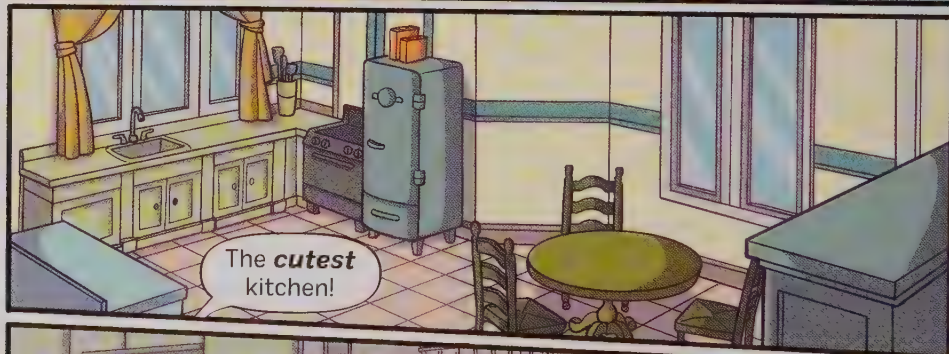




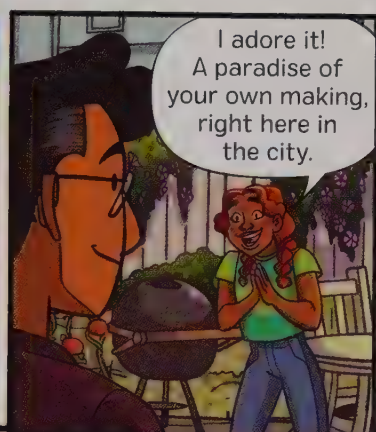








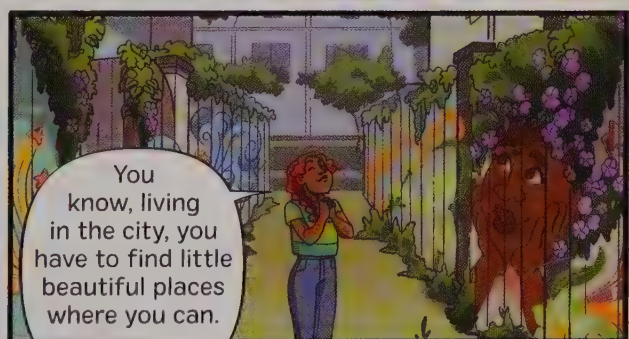
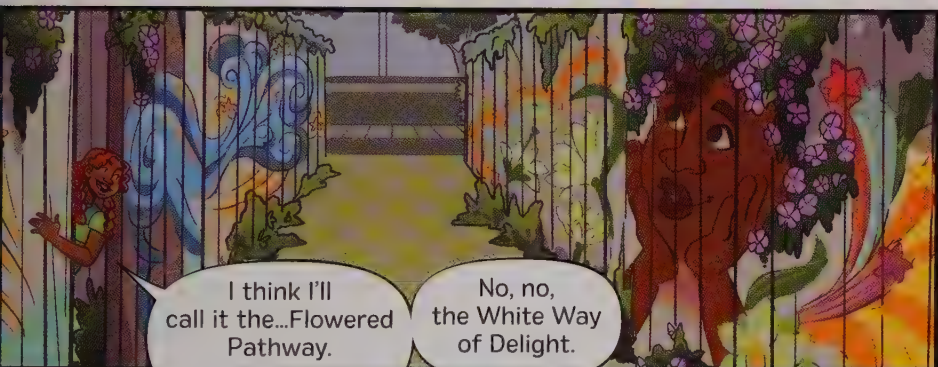


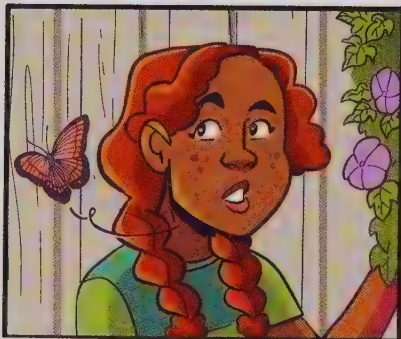




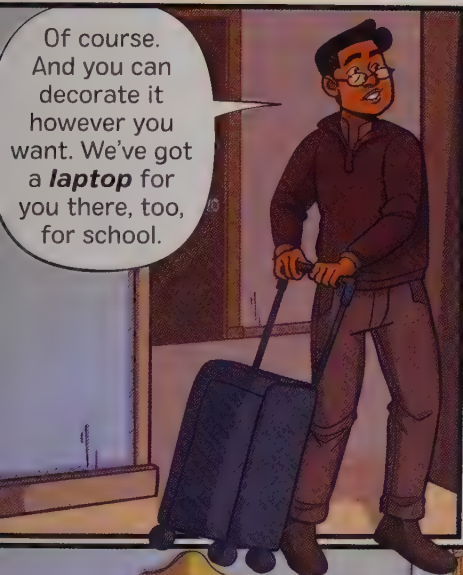
Incredible!

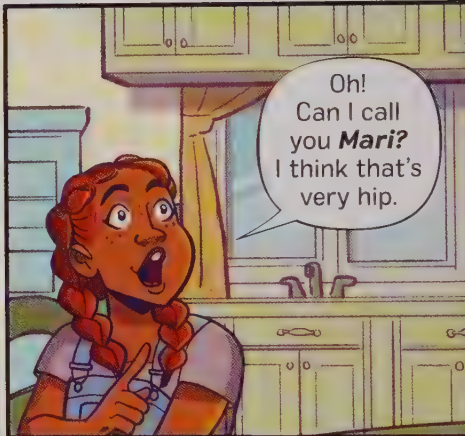










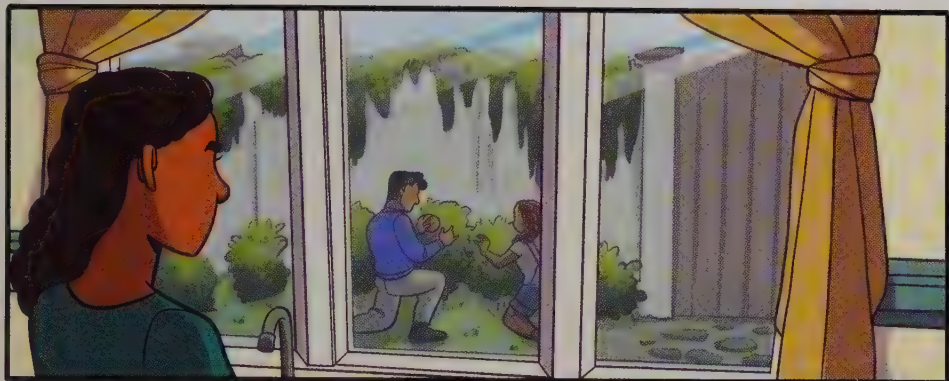








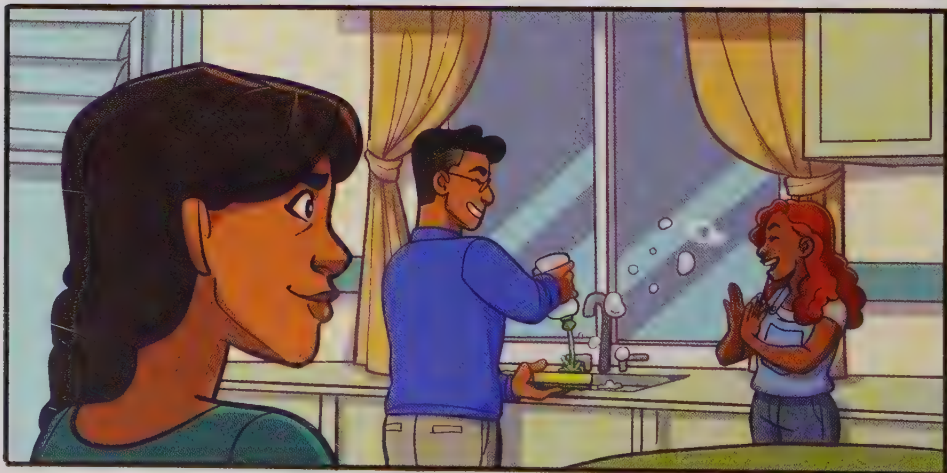
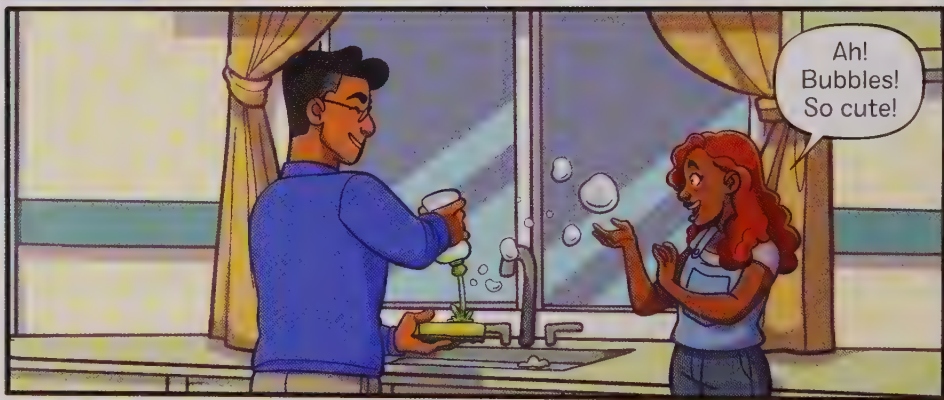










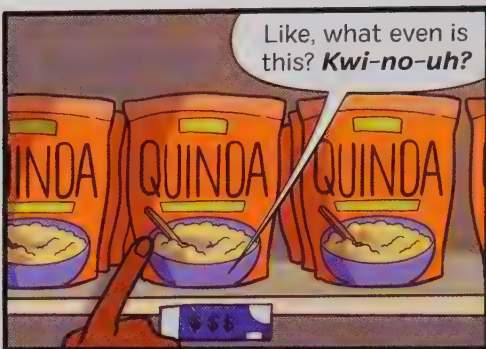








This is probably the **nicest** grocery store I've ever been in.



Like, what even is this? **Kwi-no-uh?**



It's **keen-wah**. You've never had that before?



Nope. Never had a lot of fancy food. Is that **fancy?** **Keen-wah?**



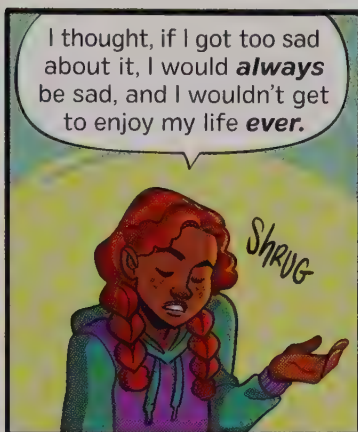
Not too fancy. But not everyone can get it easily, I guess.

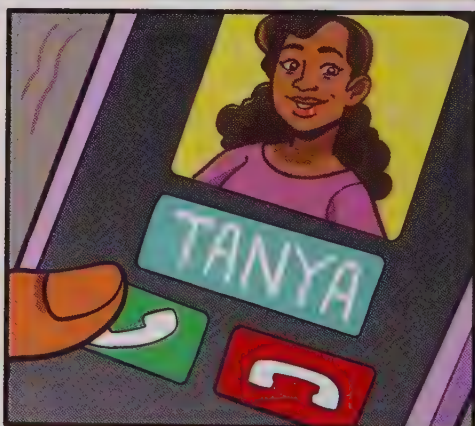












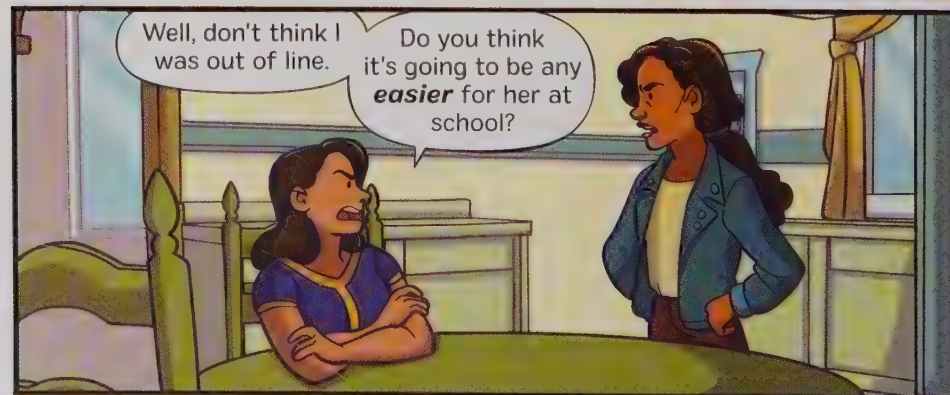
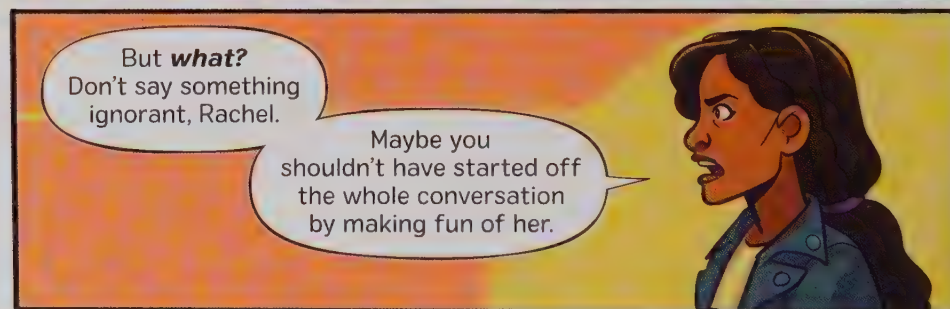
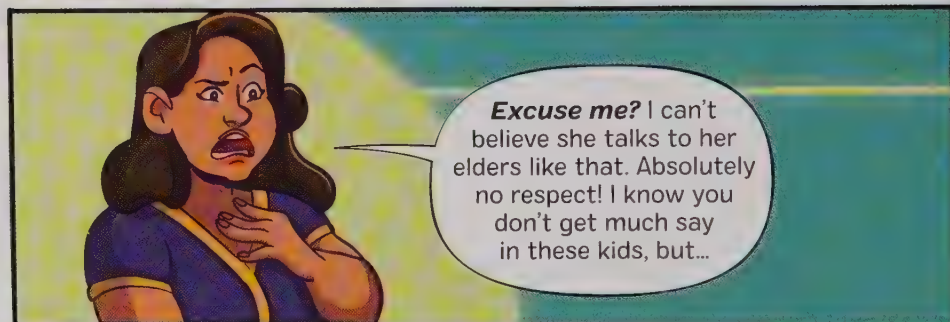
















I'll tell  
Anne to apologize  
for what she said.  
But she's a kid, and  
she's been through a  
lot. Try to have some  
**sympathy**.



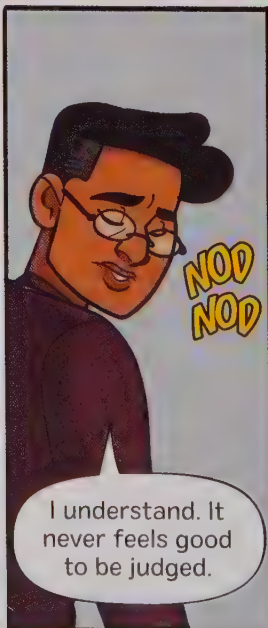
**Really,**  
Marilla, I can't  
believe you're  
defending that  
behavior.



When  
she's ready to  
**apologize**, you  
know where  
I am.



What  
was **that** all  
about?



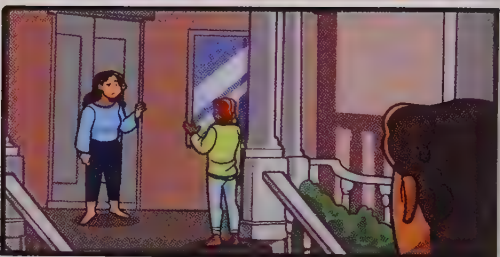
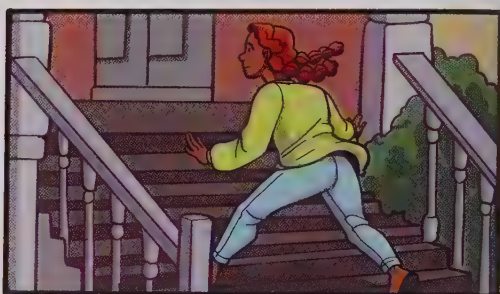
















Well, that seemed to go well, if a little quickly. You certainly **looked** very sorry. Do you feel better having apologized?



I'm mostly just glad that's **over** with.



Anne, an apology for being hurtful isn't something you say just to **get it over with**.



It should be something you say because you've really taken the time to reflect on how your actions may have made someone else **feel**.



Oh, sure. I mean, I **am** sorry that I made her feel that way. But I also just really wanted the whole thing to blow over as quickly as possible.





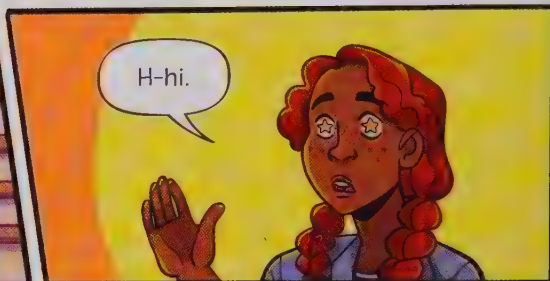
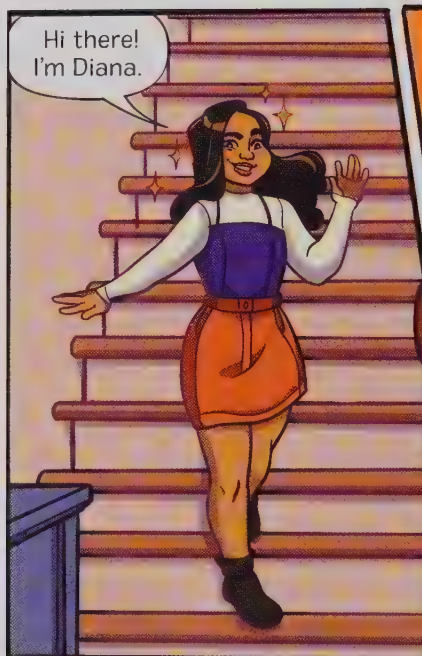




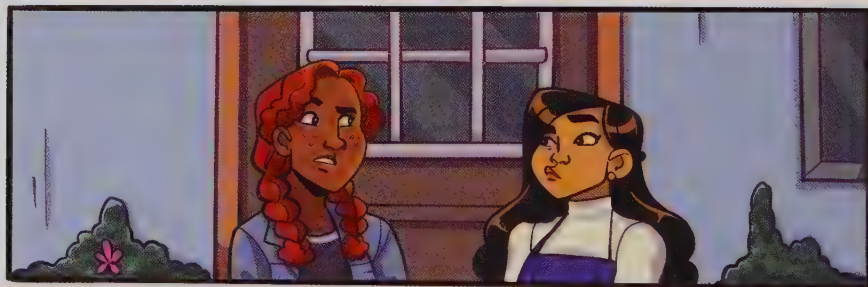








You two chat out back. Marilla and I will talk about boring grown-up stuff in here. There's lemonade on the table!

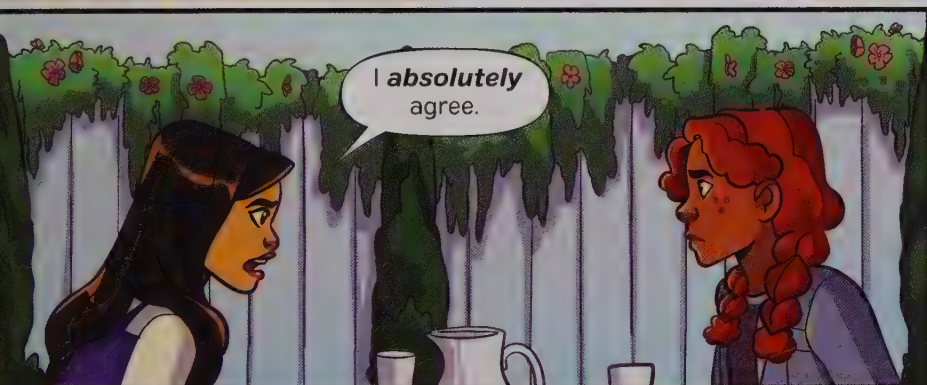








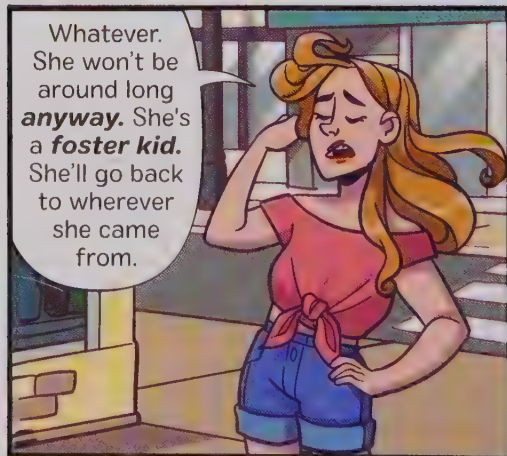
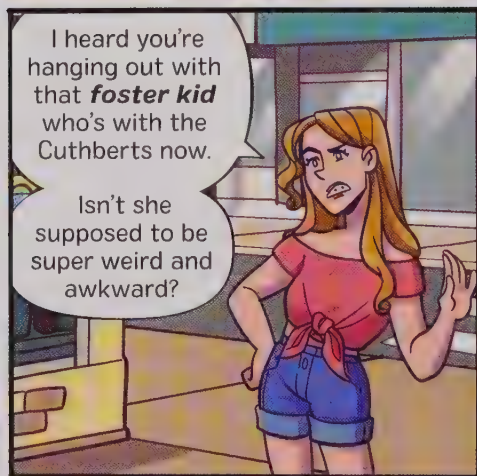
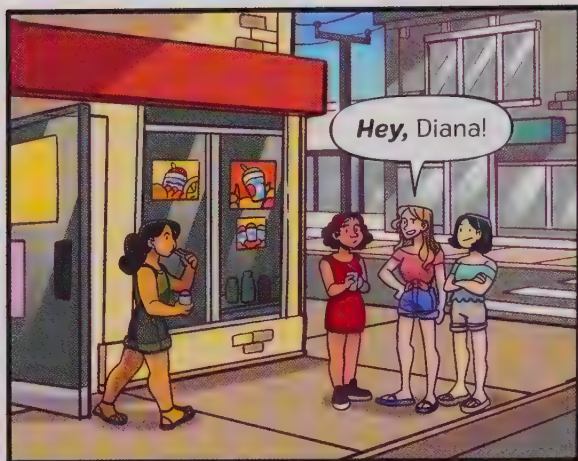




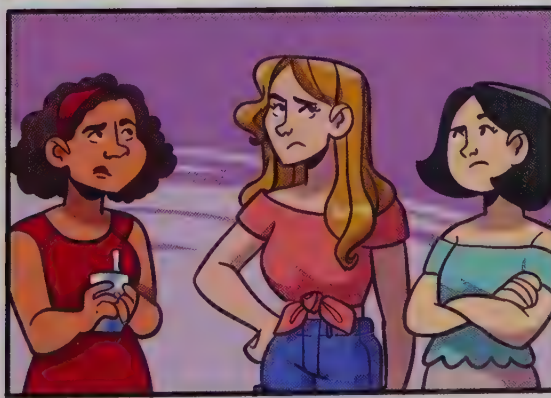
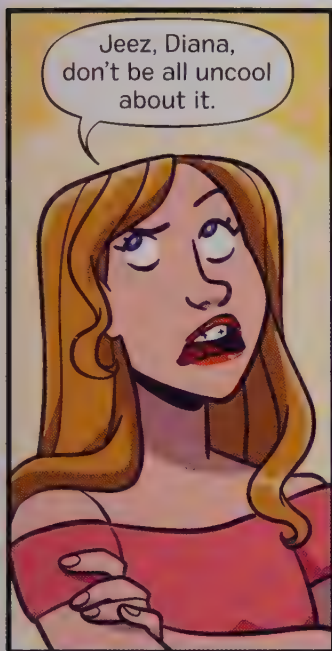


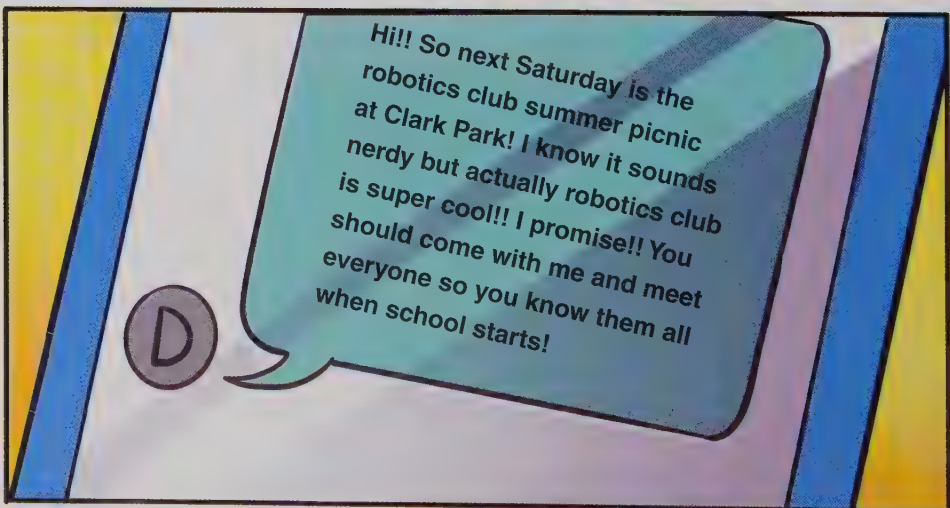
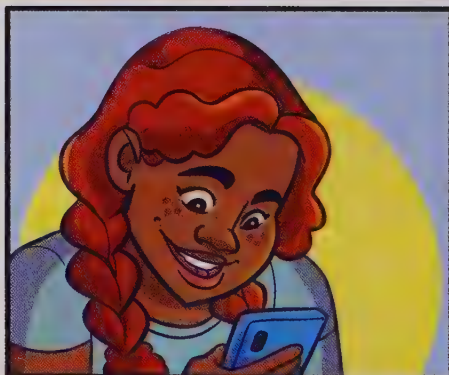




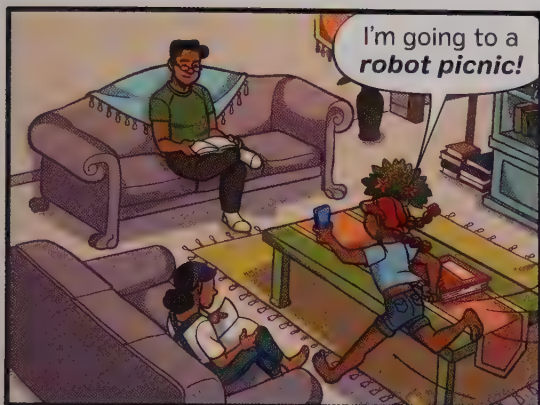














It's so we know you're safe, Anne. It's because we care.



OK, then may I **please** go to the robot picnic?

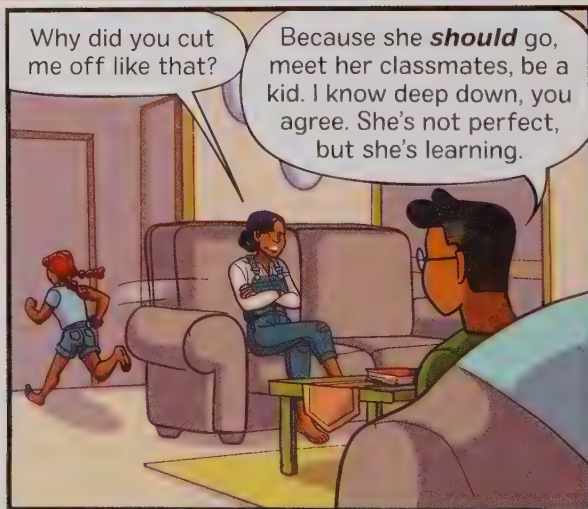


Well--

Yes, you may.

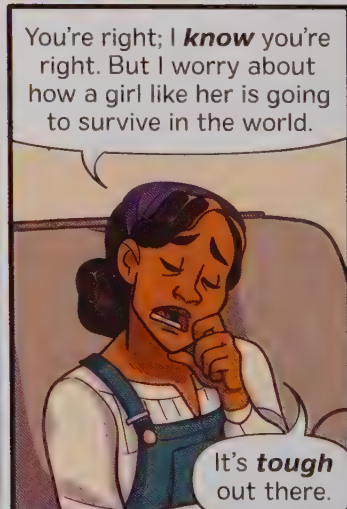


Thank you, thank you, **thank you!**



Why did you cut me off like that?

Because she **should** go, meet her classmates, be a kid. I know deep down, you agree. She's not perfect, but she's learning.



You're right; I **know** you're right. But I worry about how a girl like her is going to survive in the world.

It's **tough** out there.







A brooch.  
It belonged to  
my grandmother,  
then my mom,  
and now  
I have it.



It looks  
*magical*.



I think when  
something like this  
is loved and shared  
like it has been, it  
*does* have a kind  
of magic.



It belongs  
on the armor of  
a lady knight or  
a sorceress or  
something.



"And the knight passes it  
along to her daughter and  
then her daughter and—"

It's just  
an *old pin*.  
No value other  
than sentimental.

I'd love to live in  
your head for a day, Anne.

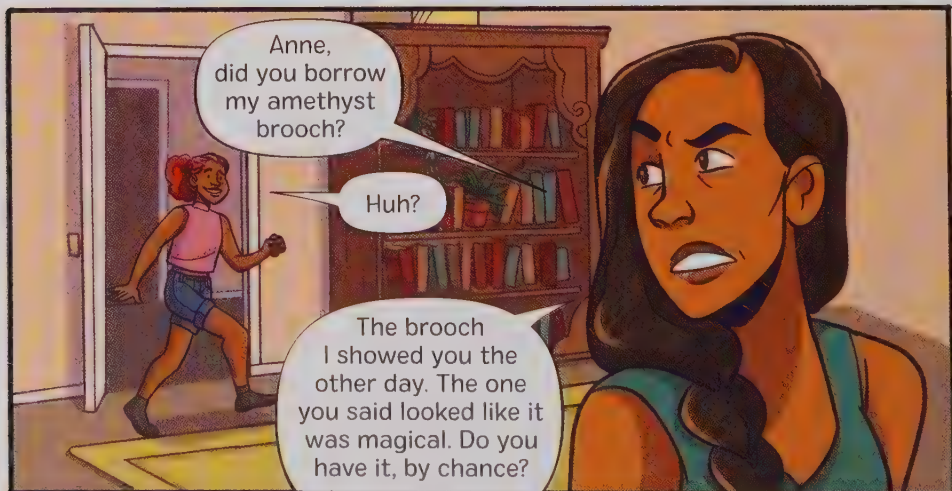
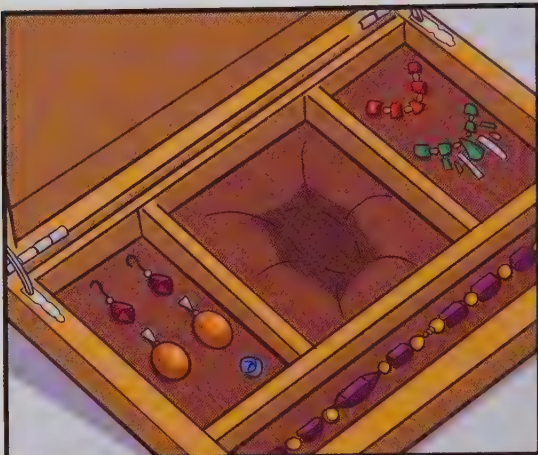




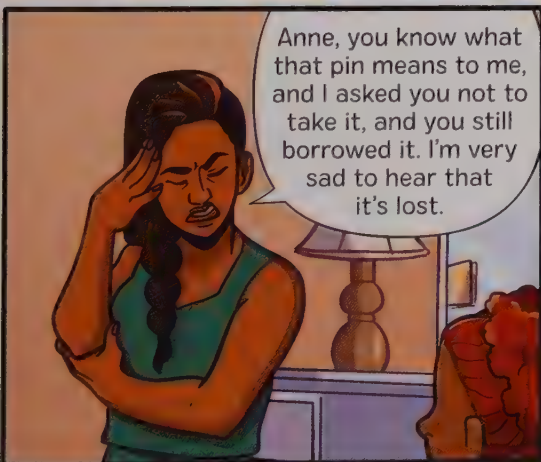


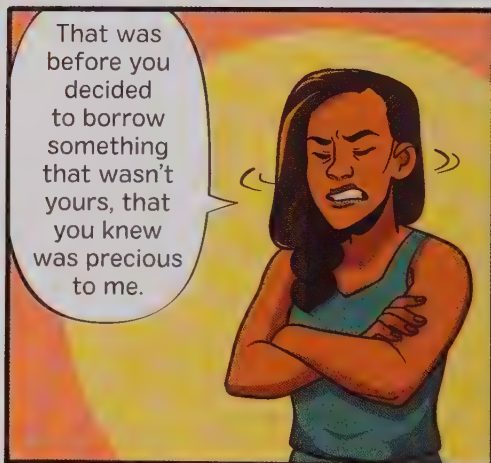




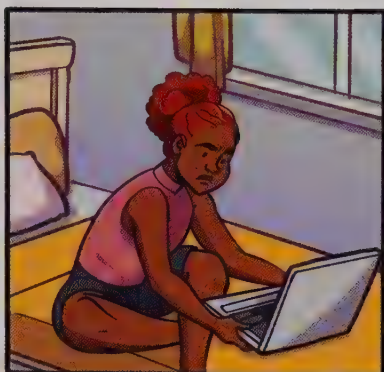
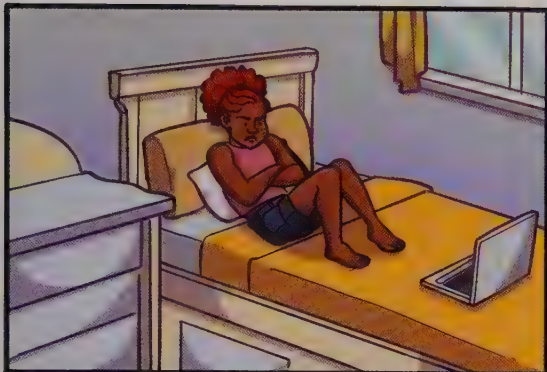












# ake a good apology

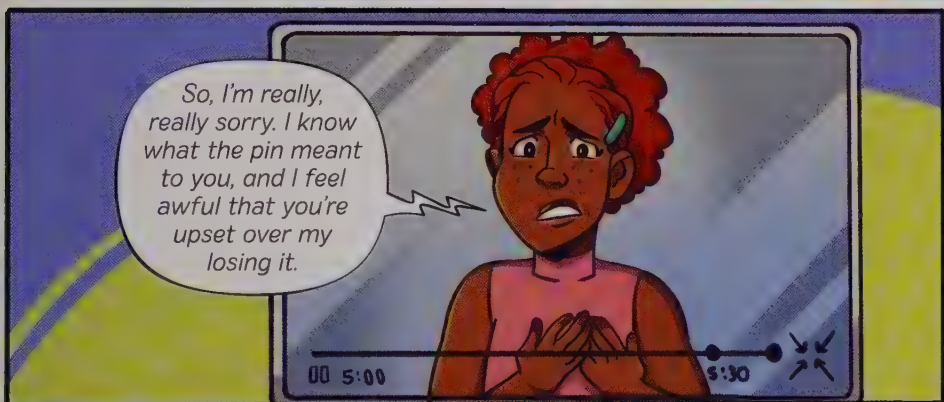








I tossed the brooch into the fountain so that they couldn't find it, knowing I'd come back for it later. But when I came back, it was gone.



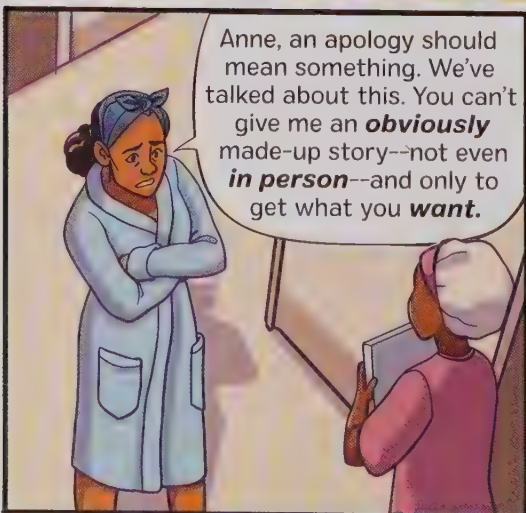
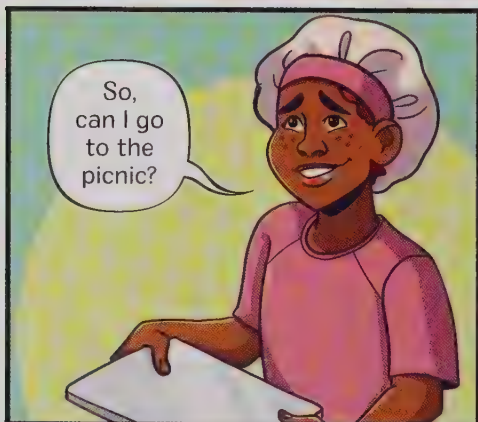
So, I'm really, really sorry. I know what the pin meant to you, and I feel awful that you're upset over my losing it.



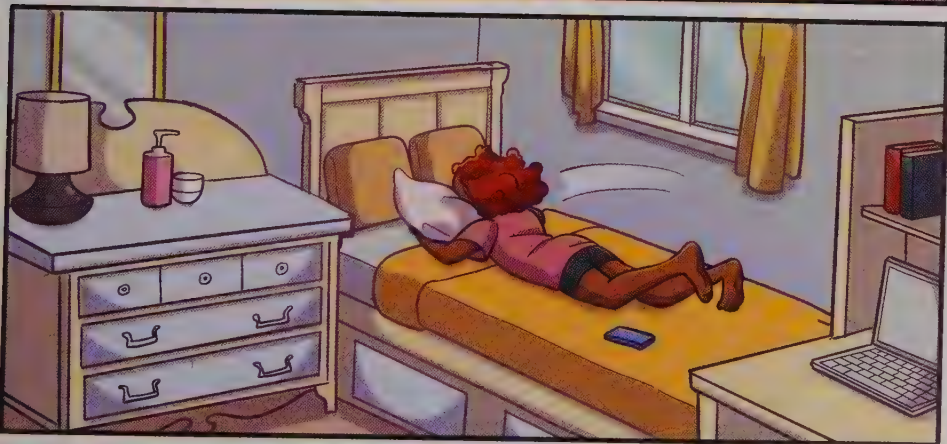
I just hope you can **forgive me** someday. I'm really sorry to let you guys down.



"You guys?"

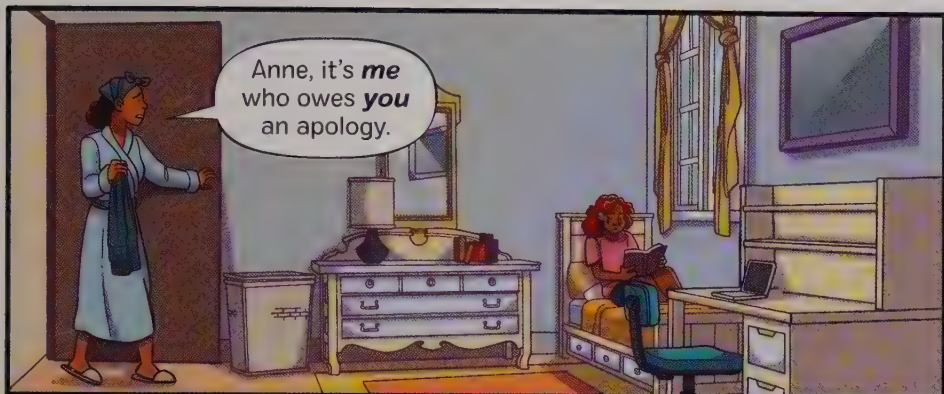


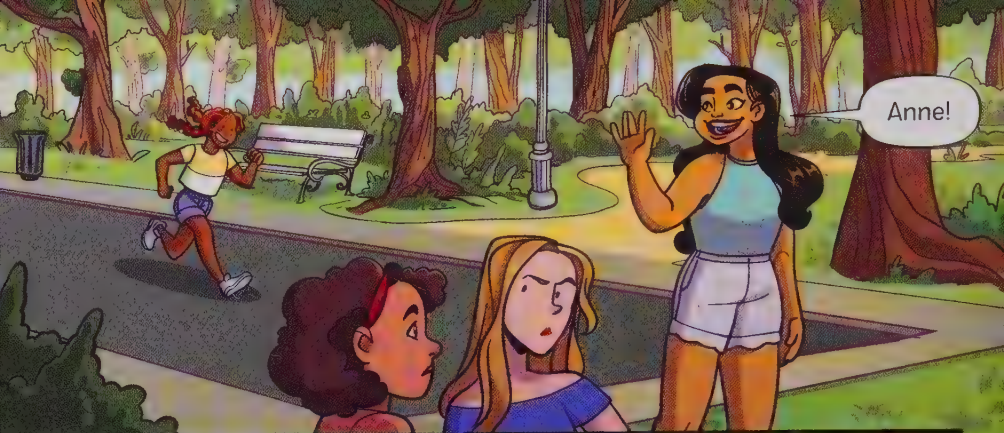






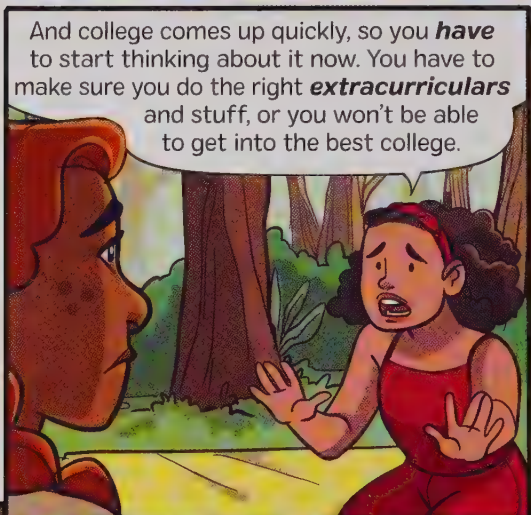


















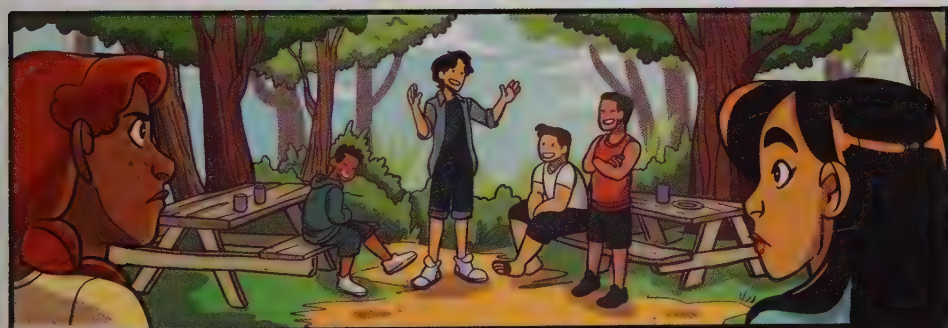




That's Gilbert Blythe.  
He's probably the  
smartest person in our  
grade, but he's also  
**really** annoying.



He thinks  
he's really funny, but he's  
**totally not**. He constantly  
teases all the girls.

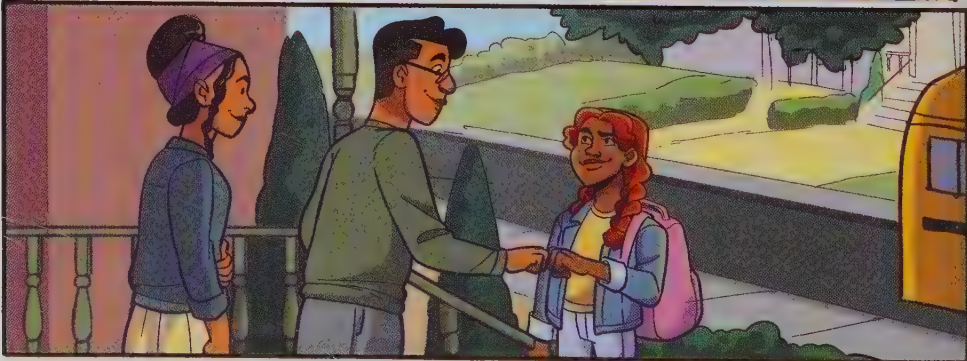


He is  
my nemesis  
now.

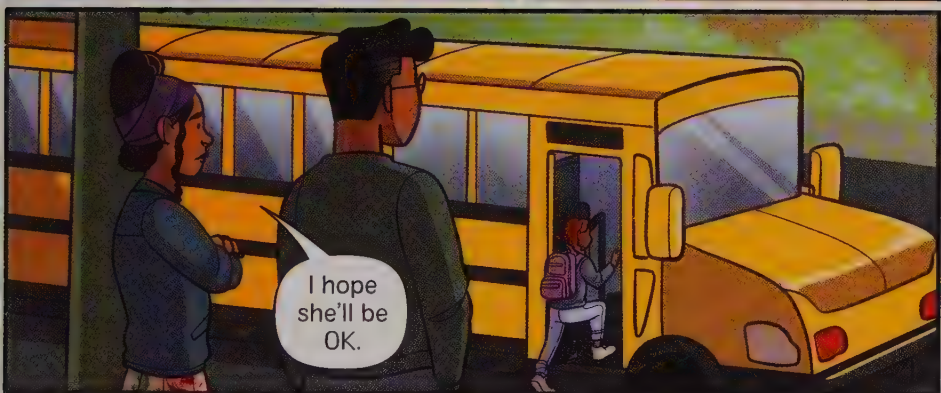


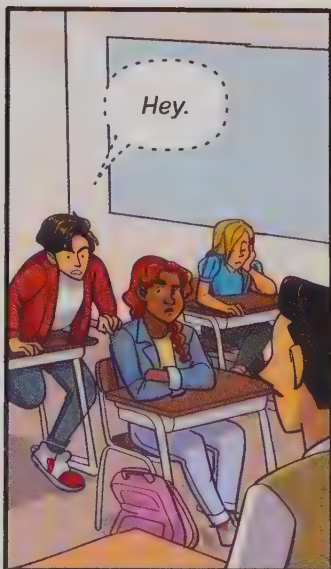
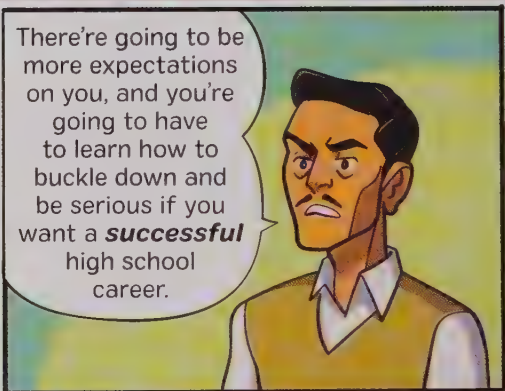






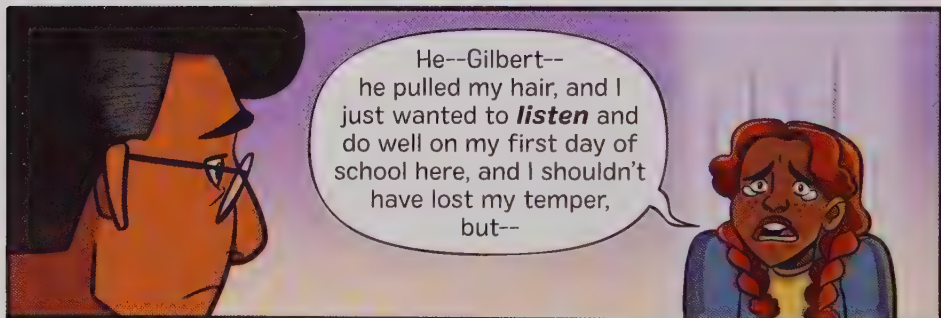
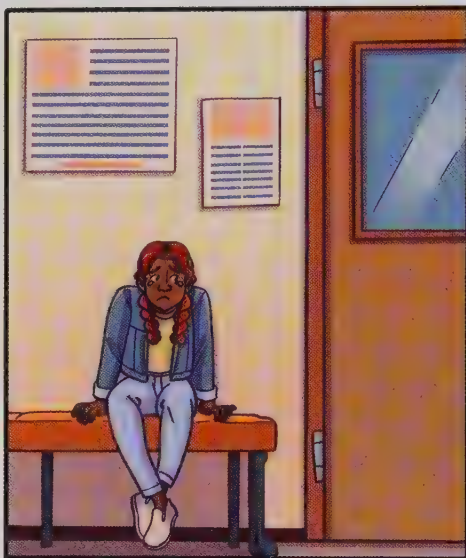




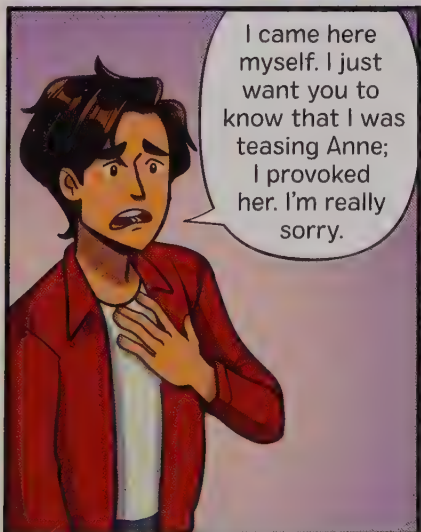


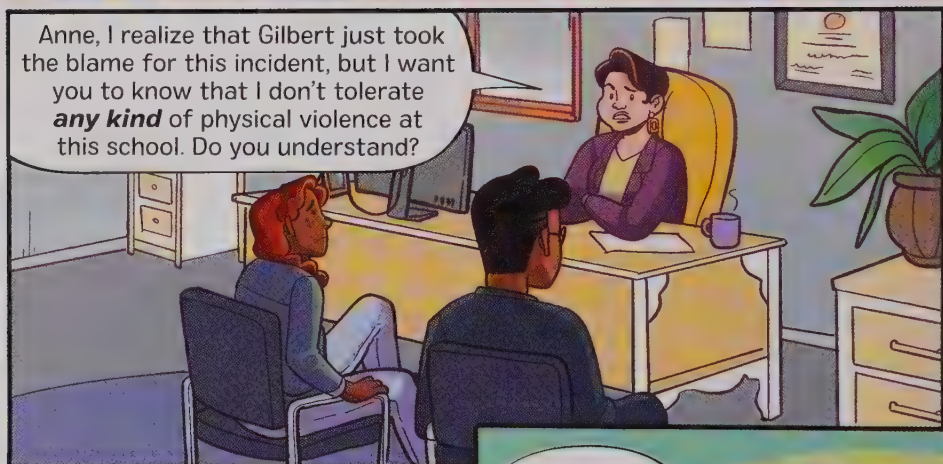




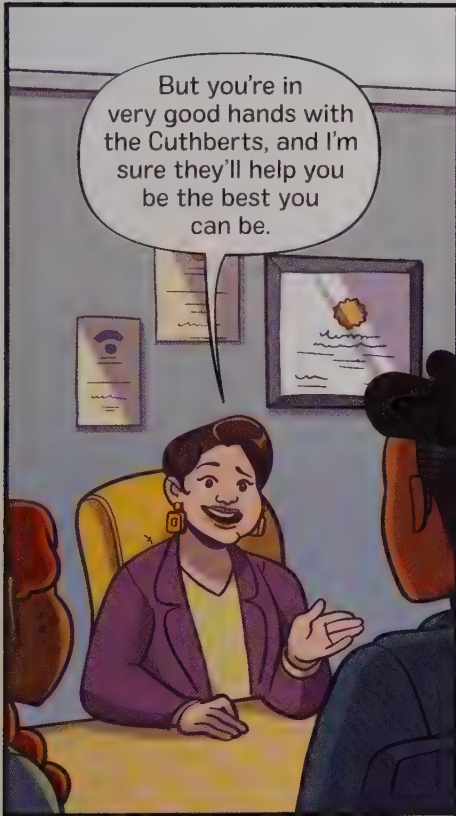












But you're in very good hands with the Cuthberts, and I'm sure they'll help you be the best you can be.



So if Gilbert is taking a share of the blame and you **promise me** this is the **only** time I'm going to see you in here for something like this... I'm willing to let it go. All right?



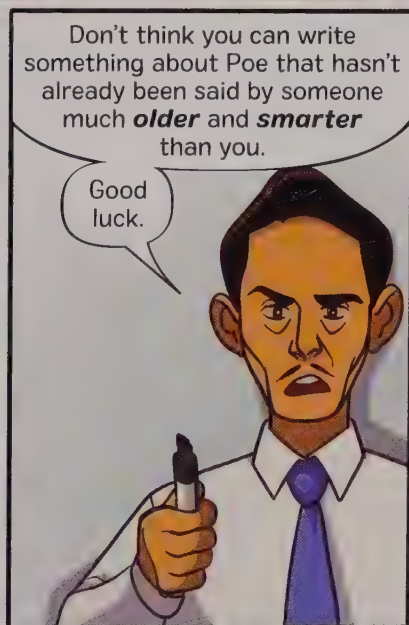
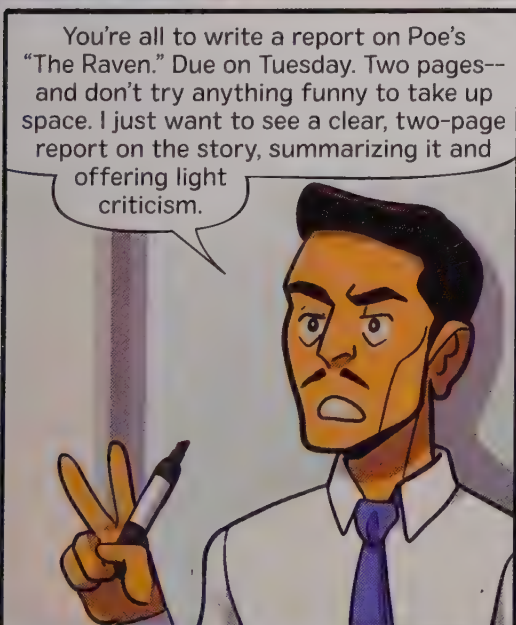
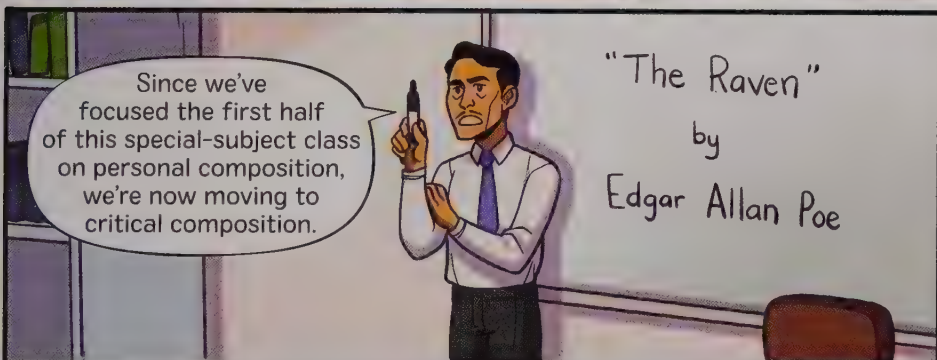
All right! I **promise!** It won't happen again!

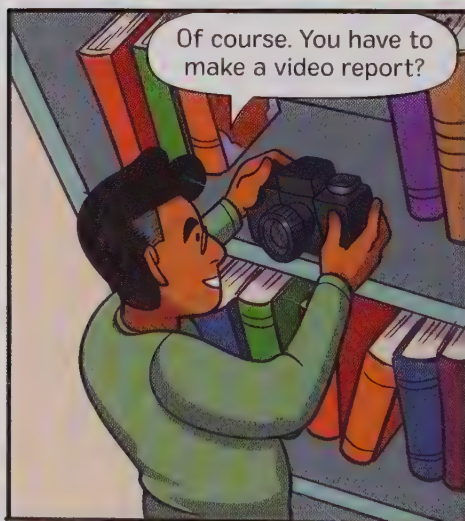
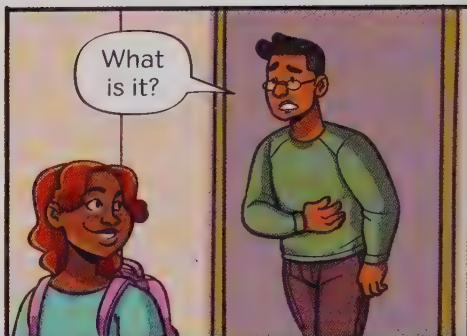


Good. Now, let's have the rest of this first week of school be nothing but fun, OK?

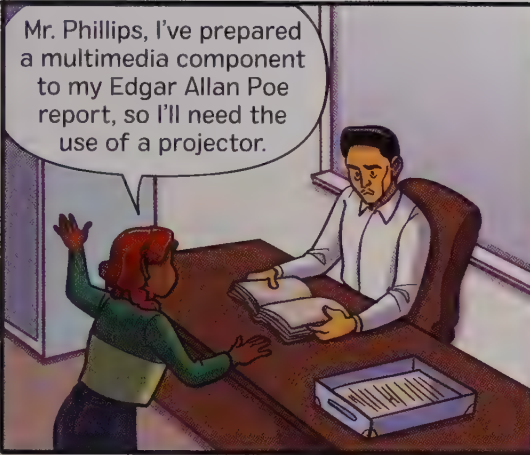




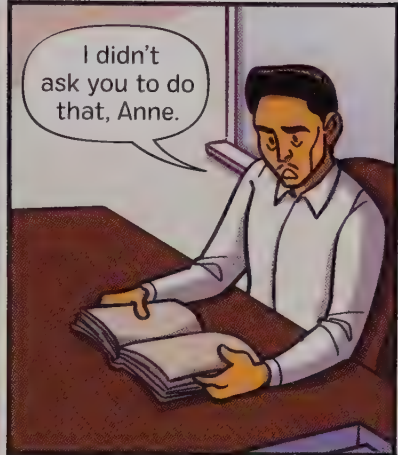








Mr. Phillips, I've prepared a multimedia component to my Edgar Allan Poe report, so I'll need the use of a projector.



I didn't ask you to do that, Anne.



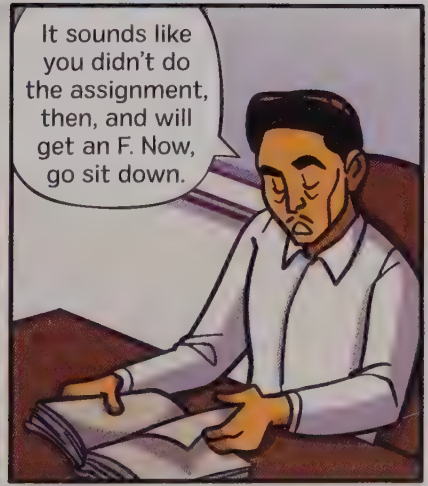
Well, no, but I think you'll find--



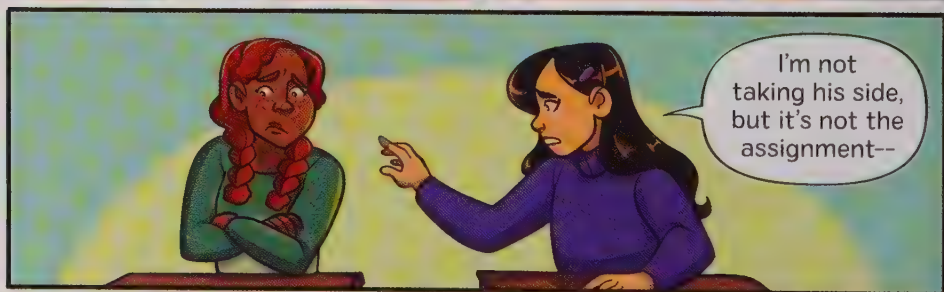
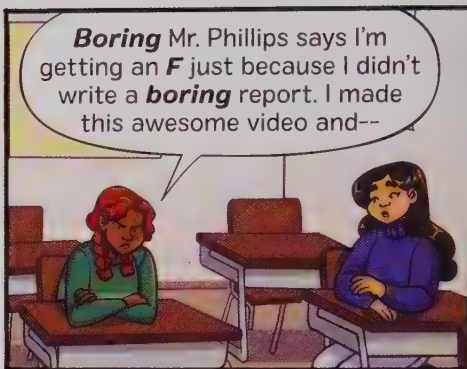
Do you have your report? Just put it in there.



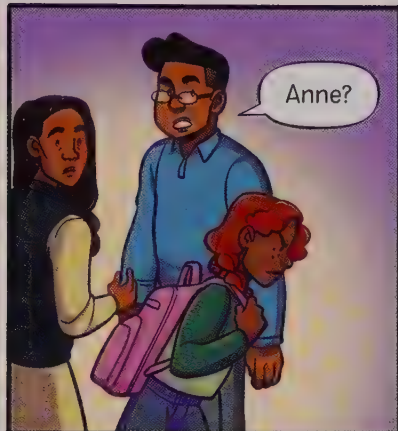
W-well, I don't have a **traditional** report necessarily. See, I created a multimedia piece exploring the perspective of Poe's narrator--

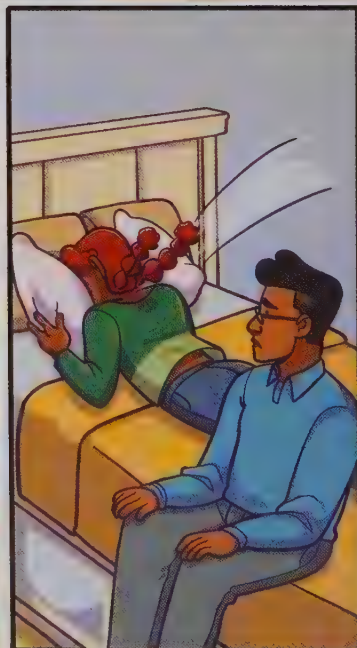
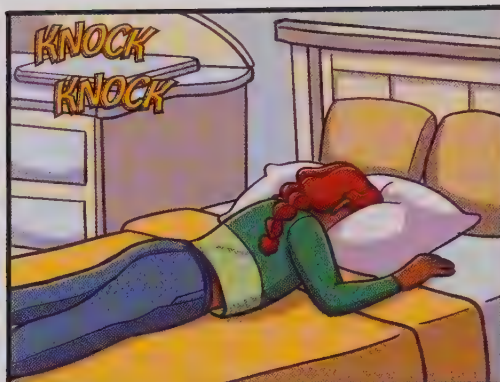


It sounds like you didn't do the assignment, then, and will get an F. Now, go sit down.

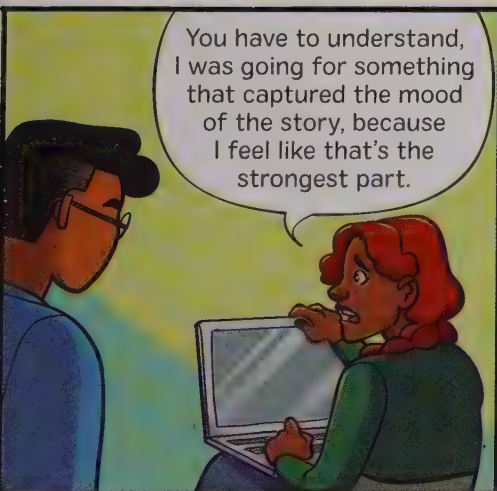


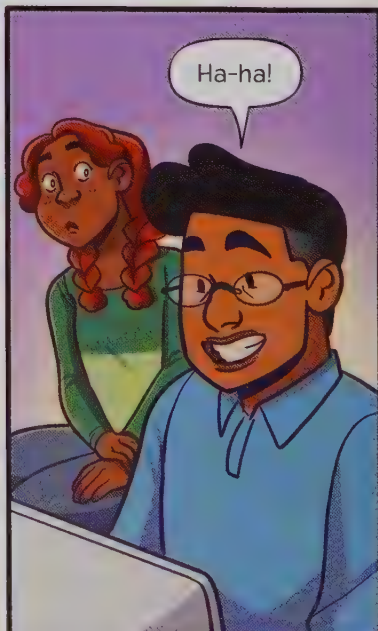
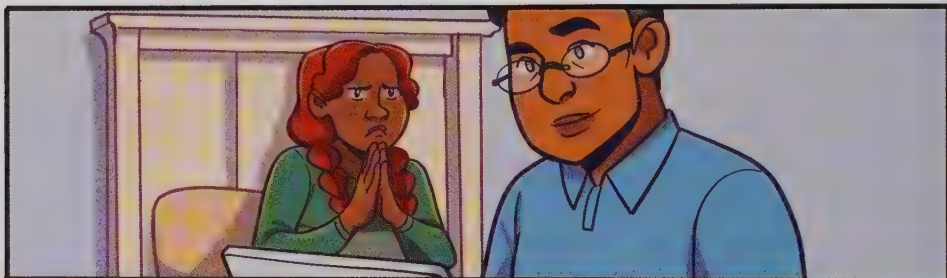




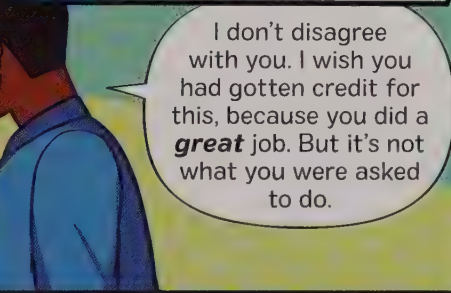












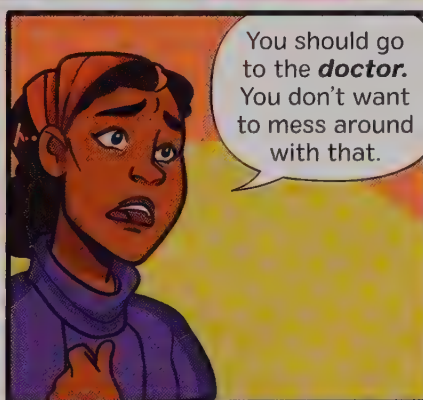
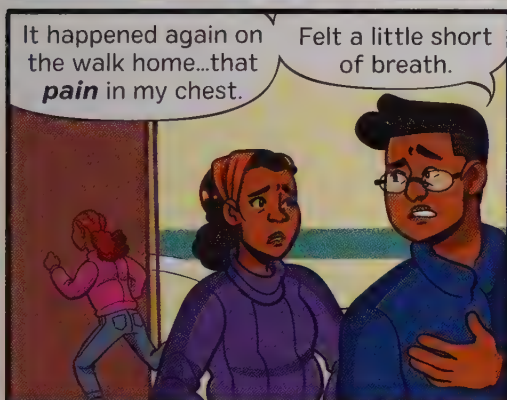






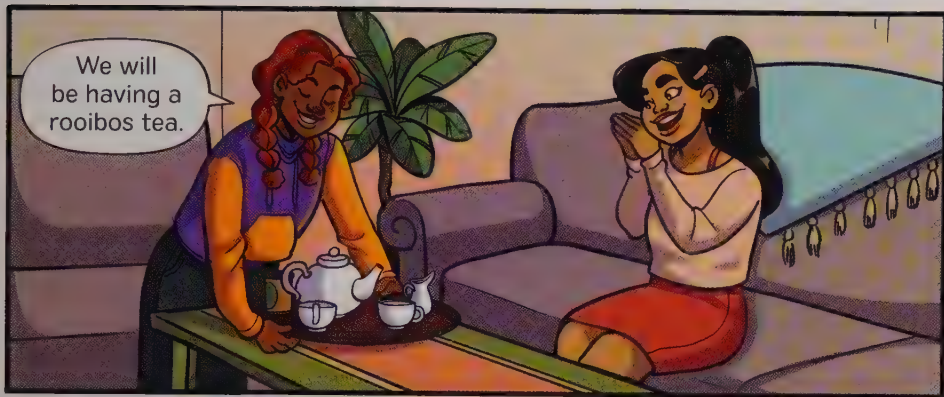






Thanks for  
having me for tea!  
I couldn't stand being  
home around Minnie May  
and her **third-grade**  
**maniacs**.







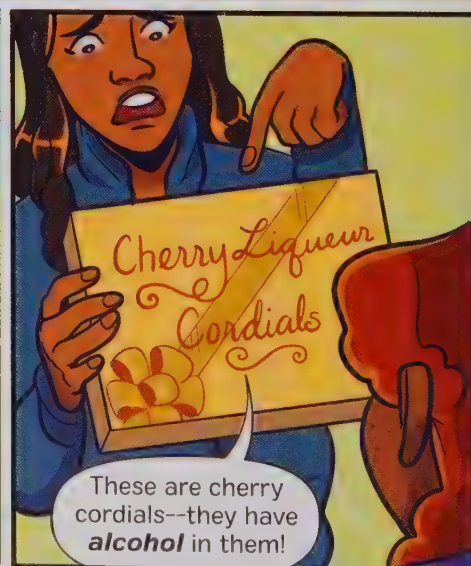
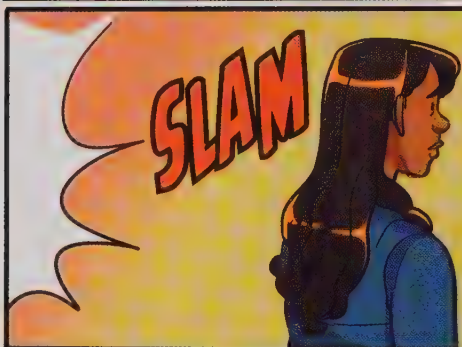














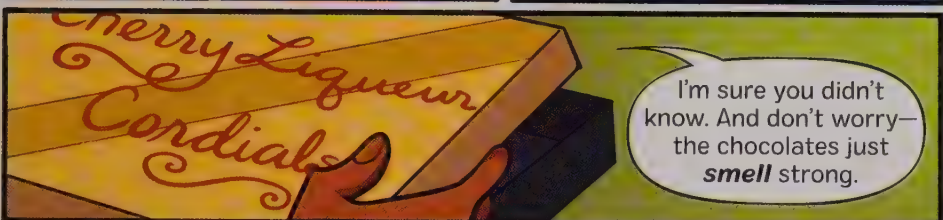


Marilla, I didn't know! You **have** to believe me!

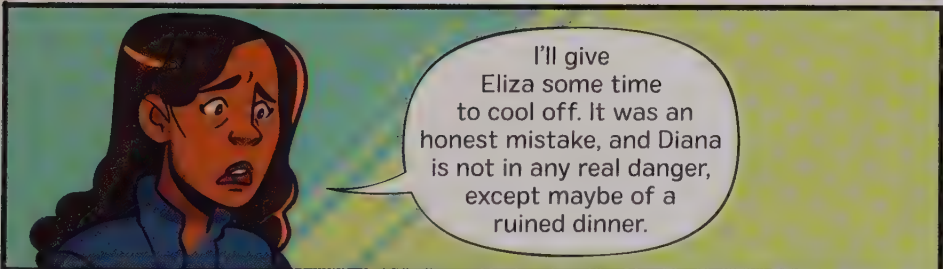


I do believe you.

You do?



I'm sure you didn't know. And don't worry—the chocolates just **smell** strong.

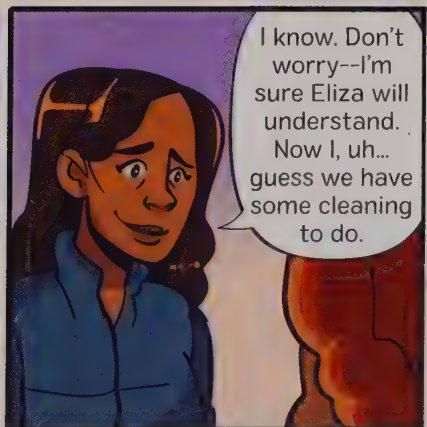


I'll give Eliza some time to cool off. It was an honest mistake, and Diana is not in any real danger, except maybe of a ruined dinner.

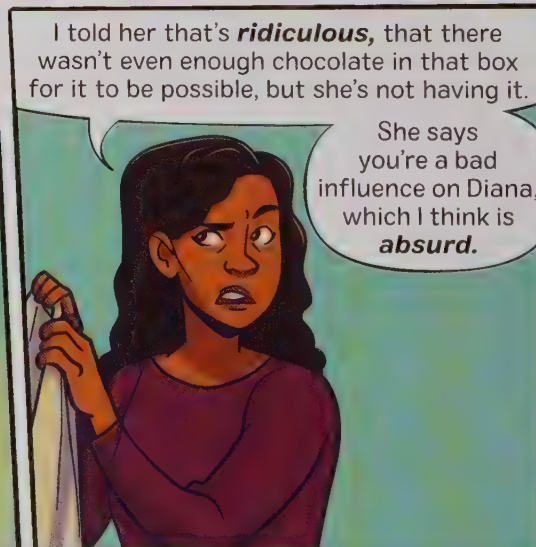


Will you **please**? I can't lose Diana!

She's... she's really special to me.



I know. Don't worry—I'm sure Eliza will understand. Now I, uh... guess we have some cleaning to do.





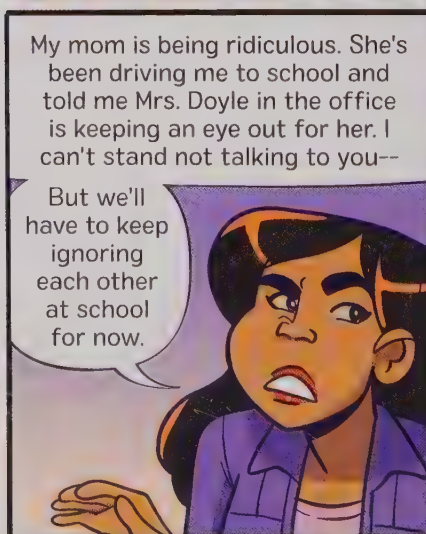
It's going to be like everywhere else, isn't it? People are going to assume I'm **worthless** because of how much I've had to be moved around. That there must be something wrong with me.

Anne, you are **not** worthless. Some people make assumptions based on where we come from, and it's not fair, and it's not right.

You are a good kid. You made an honest mistake. A mistake that Diana or any other kid could easily make. It has **nothing** to do with who you are or where you come from.

If it's any consolation, I think Mrs. Barry is also pretty mad at **me** now.

Come on. I'll make us some cocoa.









What's *that* all about?  
I thought you two were  
BFFs, but she's been giving  
you the cold shoulder  
for, like, two weeks.



*None  
of your  
business--*  
how about  
that?



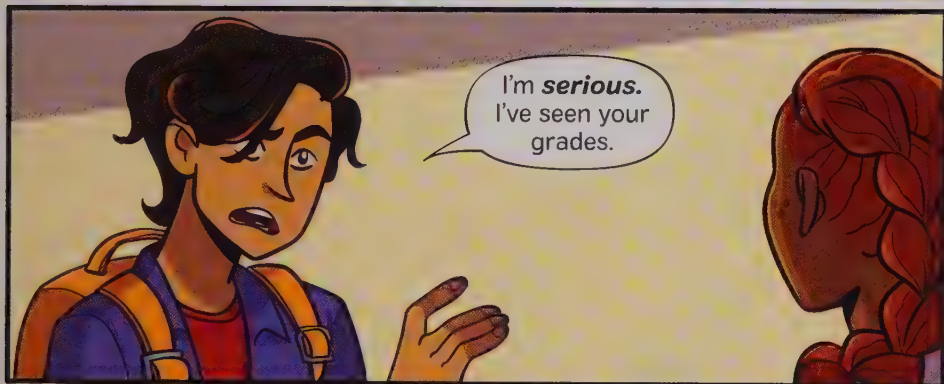
Whatever.  
You've got  
other stuff  
going on,  
anyway.

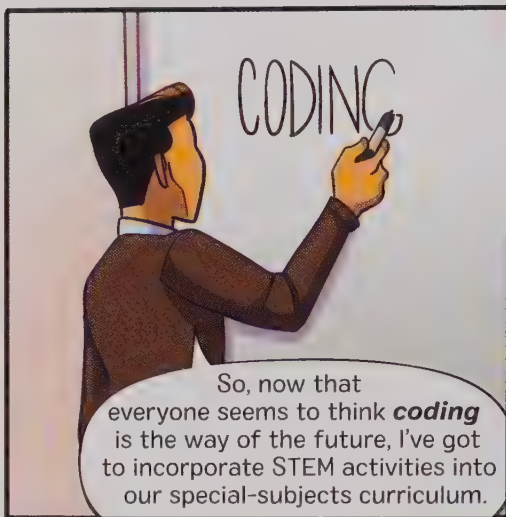


What  
do you  
mean?

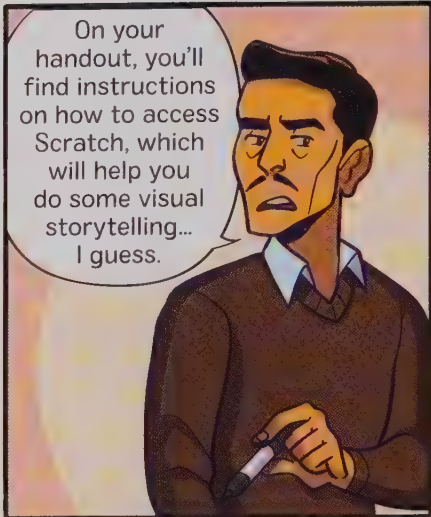








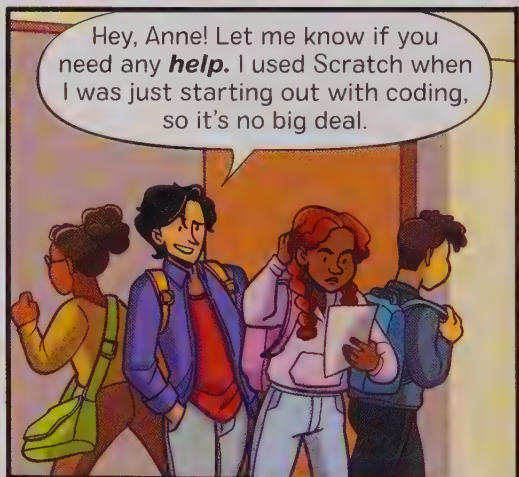
So, now that everyone seems to think **coding** is the way of the future, I've got to incorporate STEM activities into our special-subjects curriculum.



On your handout, you'll find instructions on how to access Scratch, which will help you do some visual storytelling... I guess.



Just do the exercises by Thursday and we'll talk about them in class...or something.



Hey, Anne! Let me know if you need any **help**. I used Scratch when I was just starting out with coding, so it's no big deal.

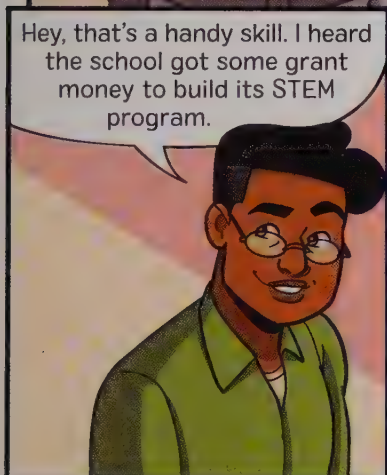
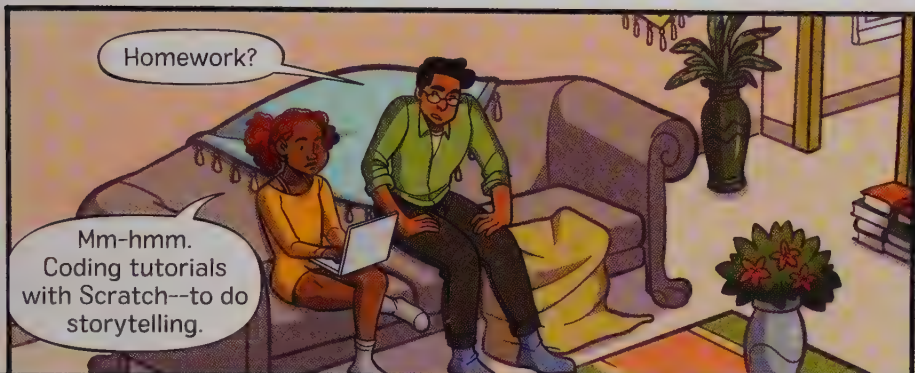


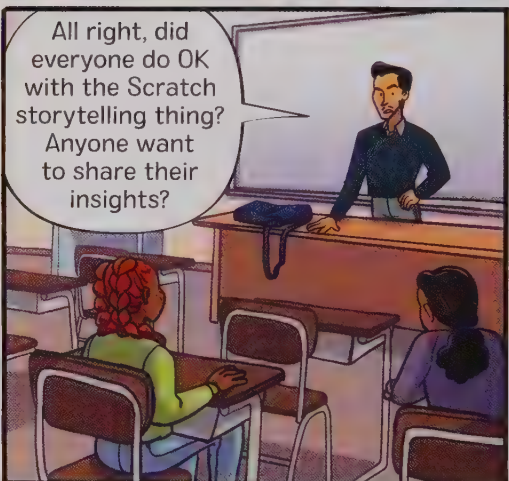
I think I can handle it. I'm "**obviously really smart,**" remember?



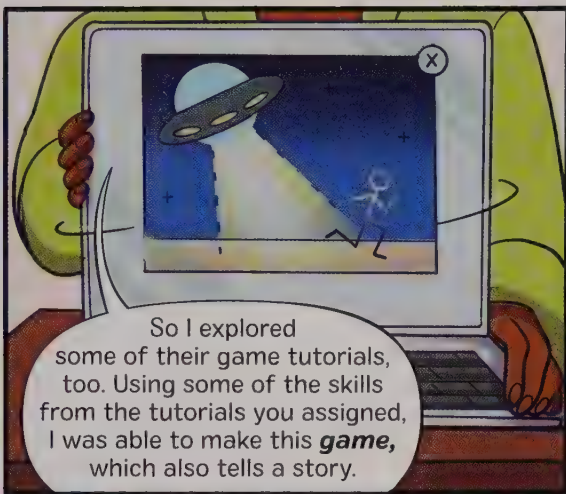
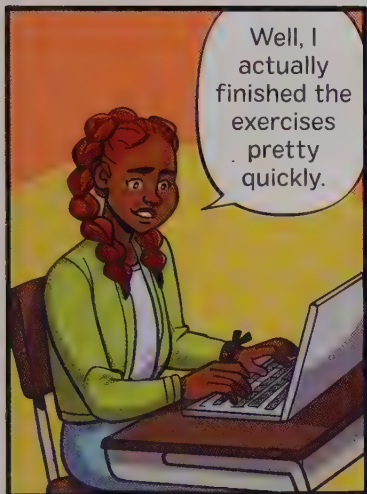
Just offering.





























Anne! There's someone here to see you.



Hello, Anne.



I'm not here because you're in trouble. Diana told me what you did for Minnie May, and I wanted to come by and say **thank you.**



I just wanted to help; I know I wasn't supposed to be over at your house--

No, no. I'm so glad you were able to help Diana.



We took Minnie to the doctor, and it was just a mild sprain. She'll be all right again in no time.



Oh, good!  
I'm so glad  
she's OK!



Anne,  
I owe you an  
*apology.*



I shouldn't  
have assumed  
you'd do something  
to hurt Diana. It's  
abundantly clear that  
you are someone  
who wouldn't ever  
try to hurt someone  
you care about.



It was **so wrong** of me to make  
assumptions about your character  
after what was clearly an  
innocent mistake.



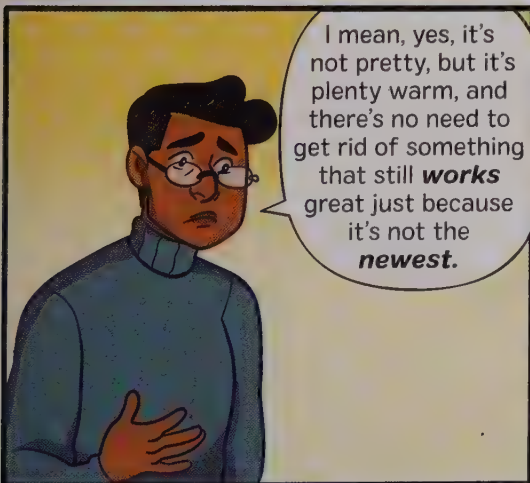
I'm so very sorry,  
and I hope you  
can forgive how  
I reacted.

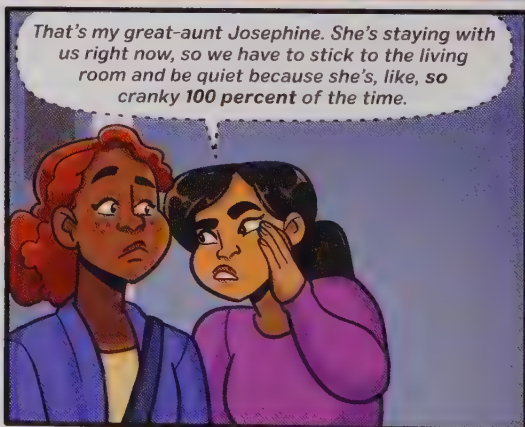
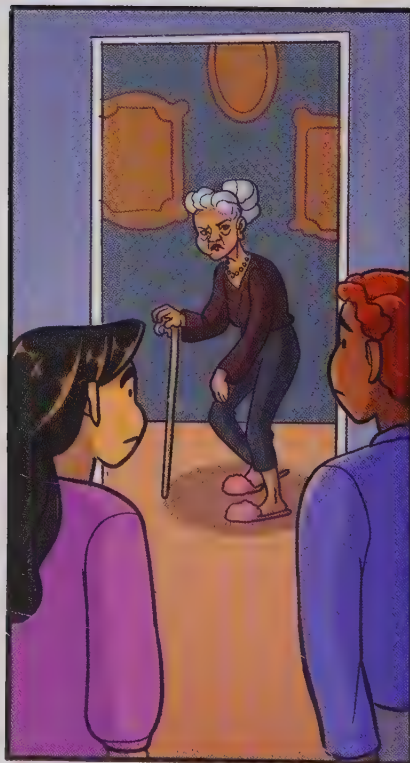
















Ugh, I'm hungry for, like, real food. I don't think I can eat any more candy.



So let's go to the kitchen!



I don't know... We're not supposed to be making noise. It's, like, **midnight**, and we don't want to wake Aunt Josephine-- trust me.



I'll be so quiet, you won't believe it. Trust me. I'll be back.

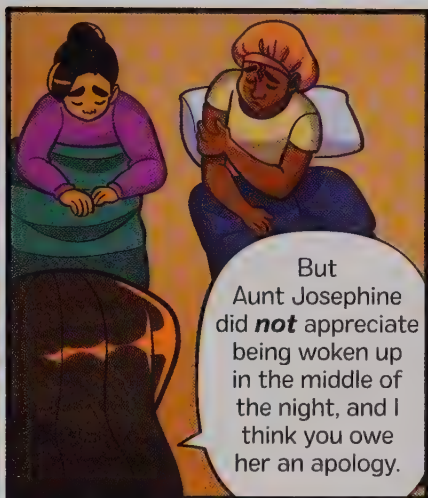








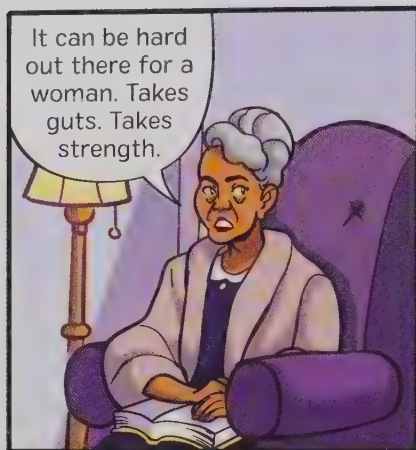




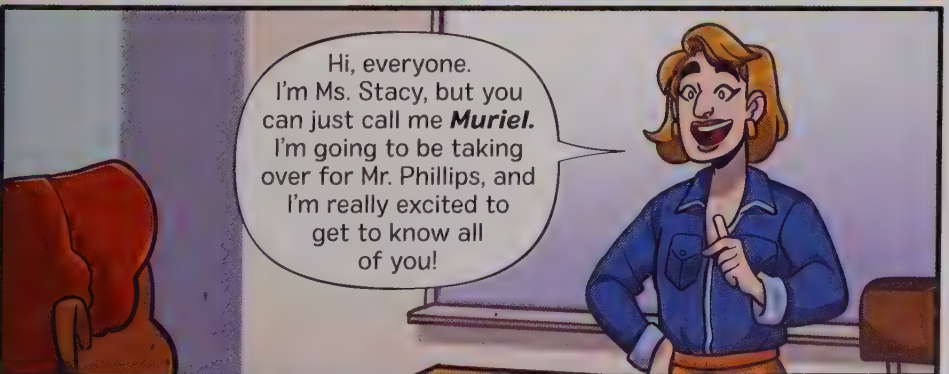
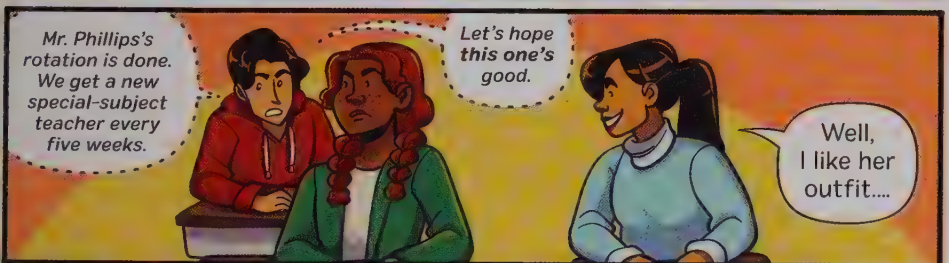
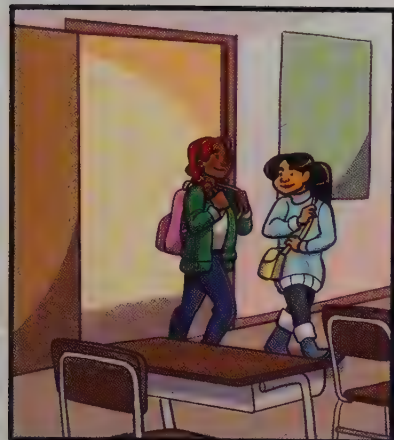


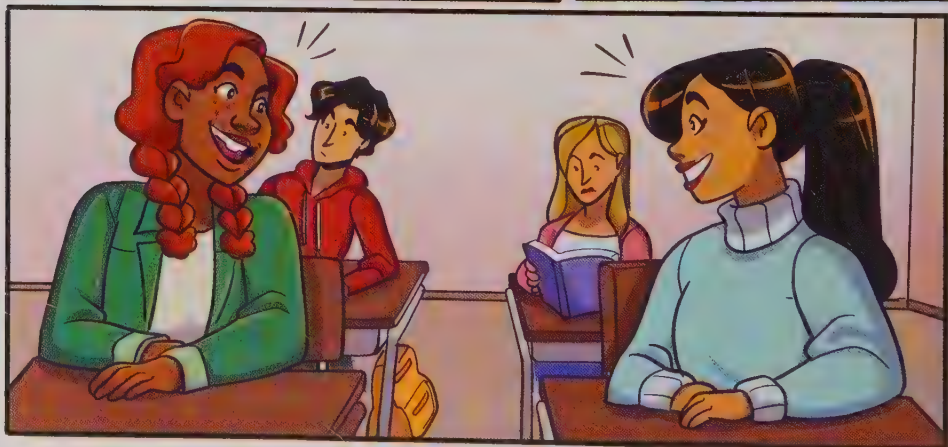
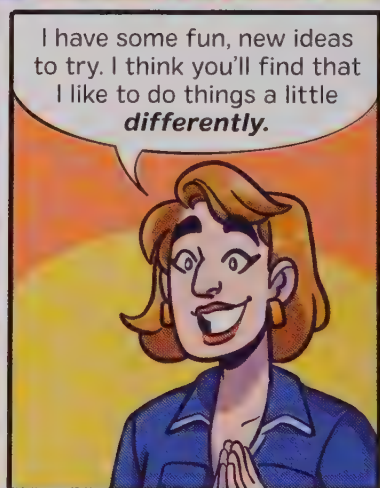
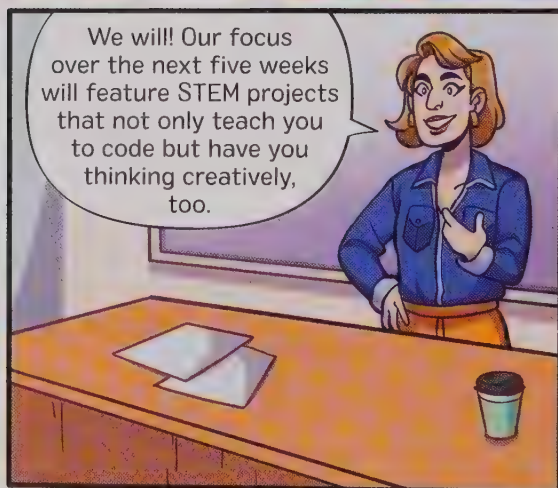
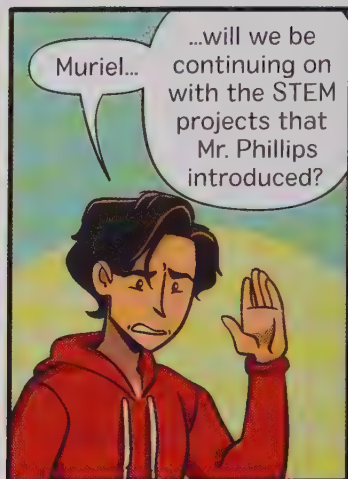














Today, we're going to split into groups and work on a project using Raspberry Pi.

RASPBERRY

PI

Your group will create a drawing and then use Raspberry Pi to program a blinking light to incorporate into it.

Anne and Gilbert, you two pair up, OK?

Diana, you're with Ruby.

Try to think creatively! I want to see you find a **real reason** to use the blinking light.



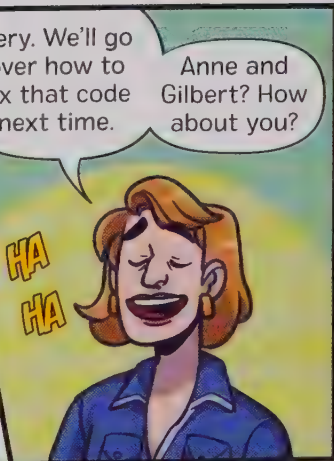
This is going to be such a piece of cake; just watch me, OK?

Are the instructions clear enough?

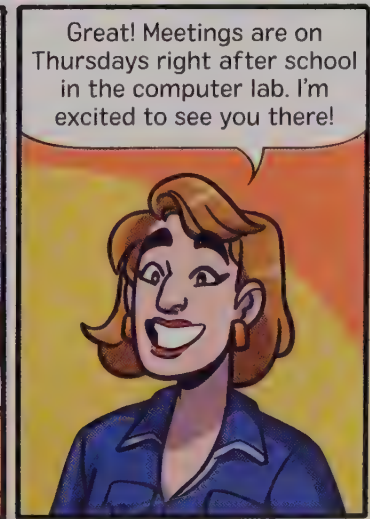
Oh, definitely. Just making sure to code the direction the blink loops! Gilbert forgot to.

I didn't **forget**; I just hadn't gotten to it yet!



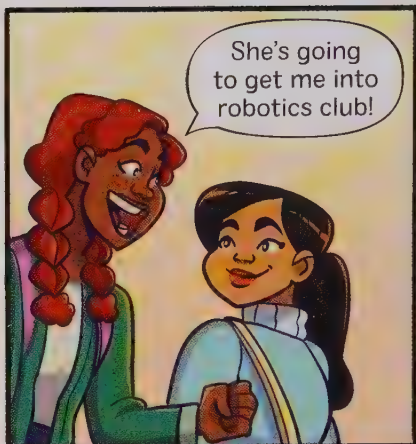








What did she want?



She's going to get me into robotics club!



Time for me to show Gilbert who's the boss.



Or you could just be, like... **friends** with him. You guys have a lot in common.

Never!

He thinks he's so much **smarter** than everyone. He's not that great.



I intend to give him a run for his money, that's all.

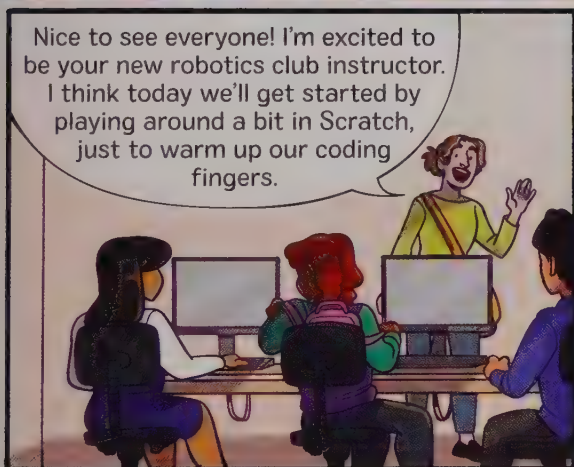
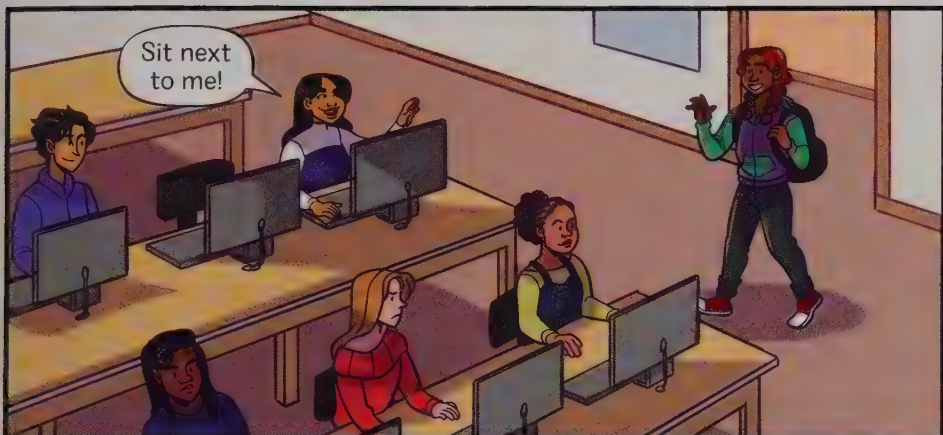
OK, OK. I'm sure you will utterly **crush** him.

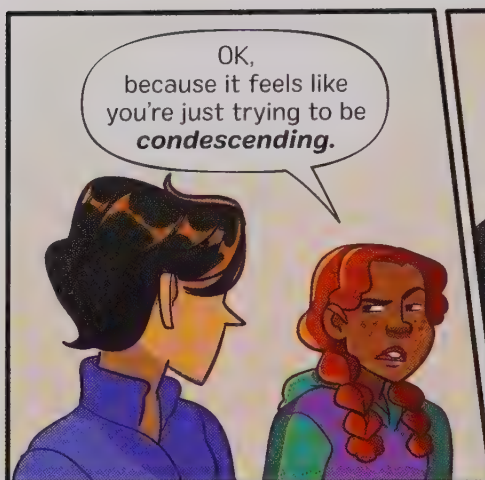
But it wouldn't hurt you to make friends with him, because I think I'm switching to drama club.



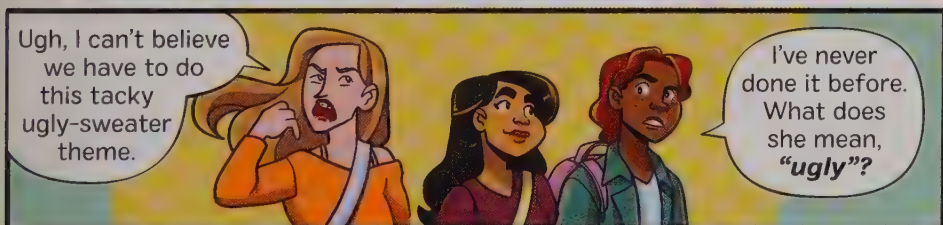
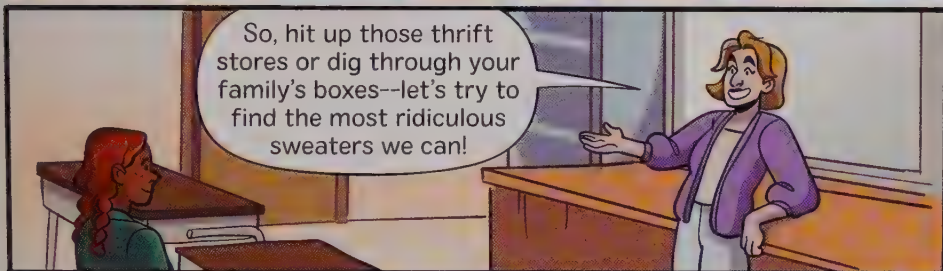
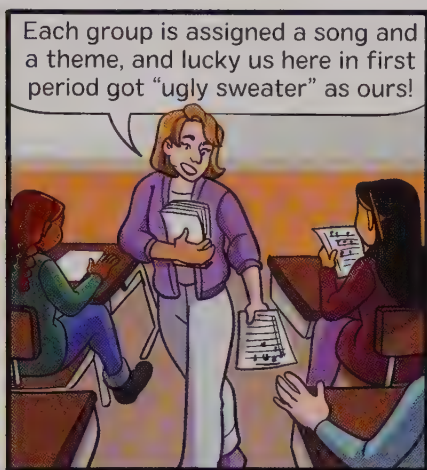
No! You can't **leave me!**





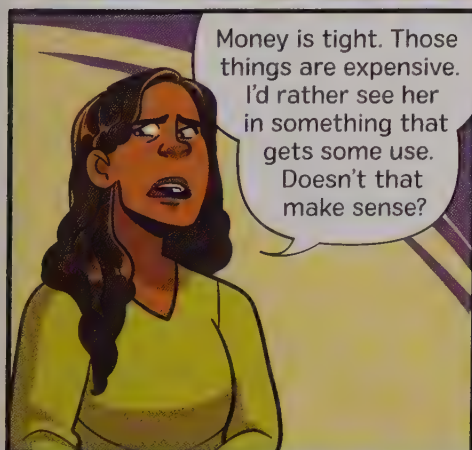


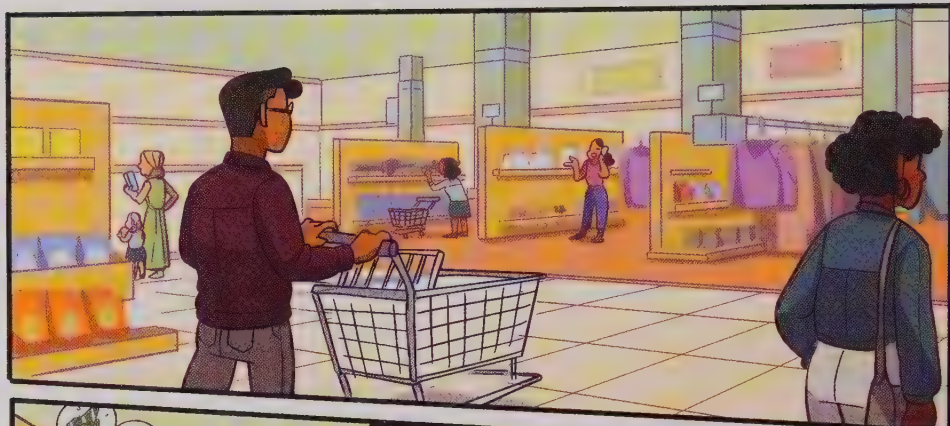










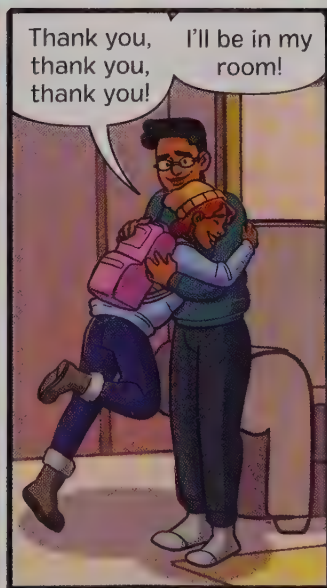


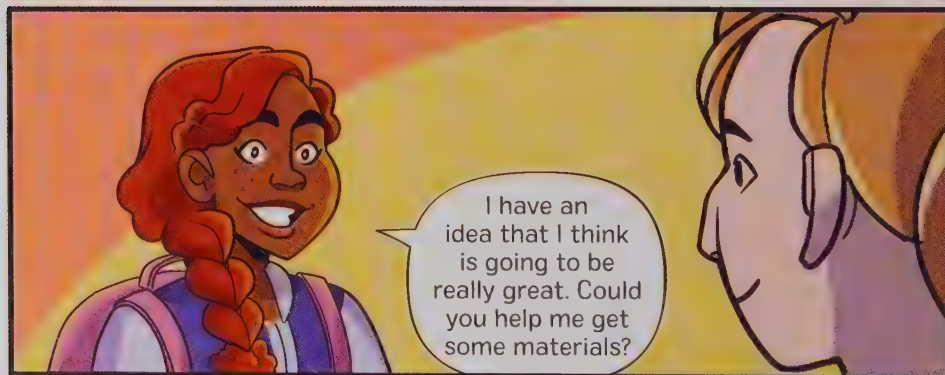






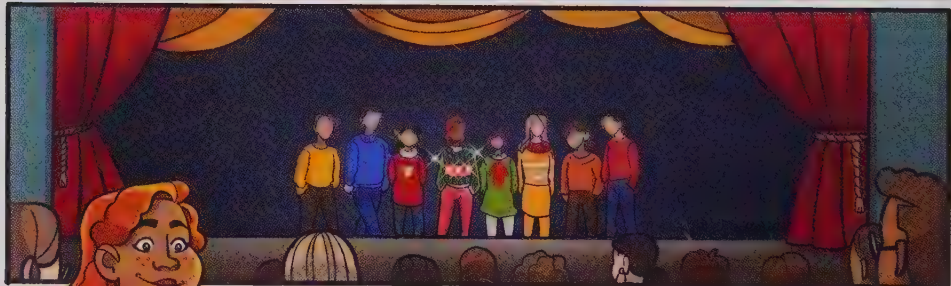
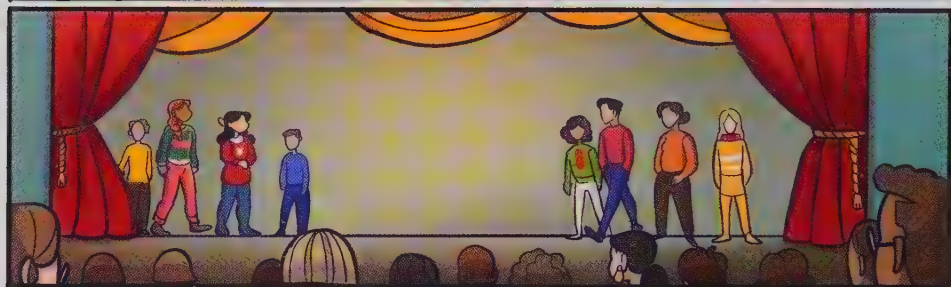
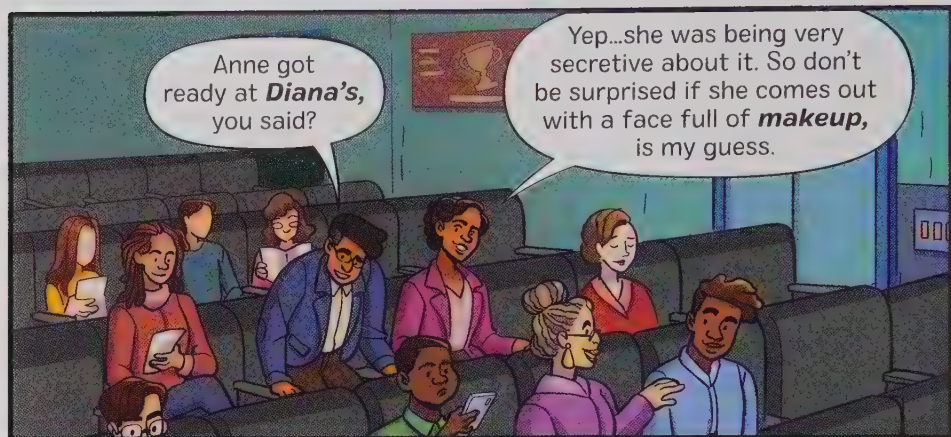




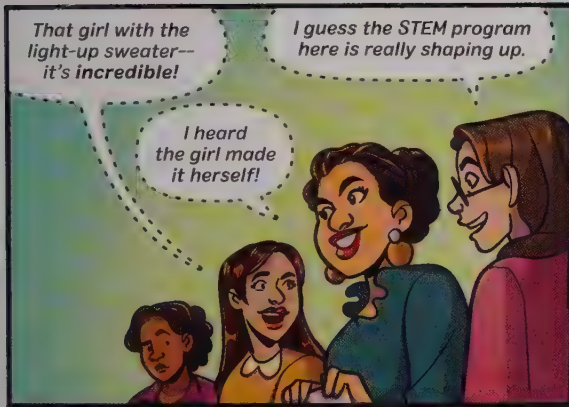
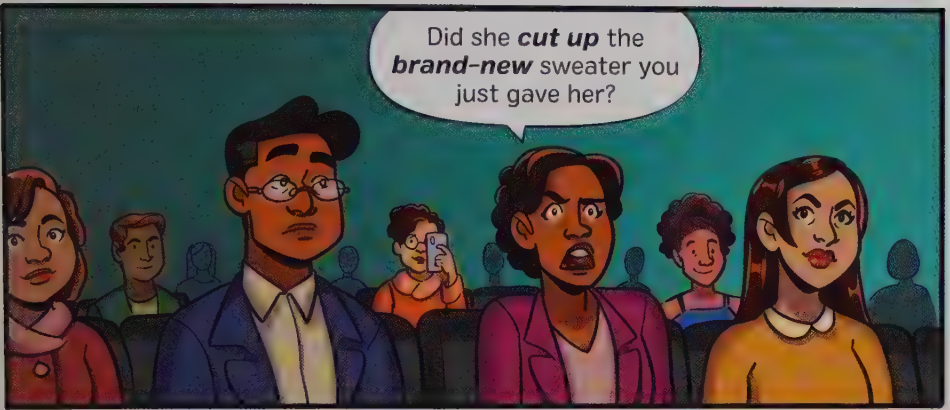


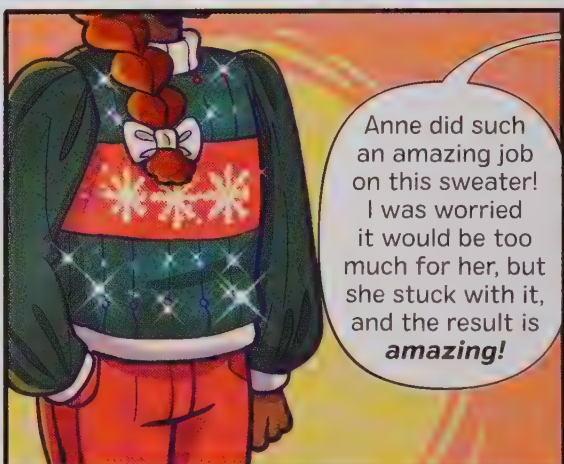
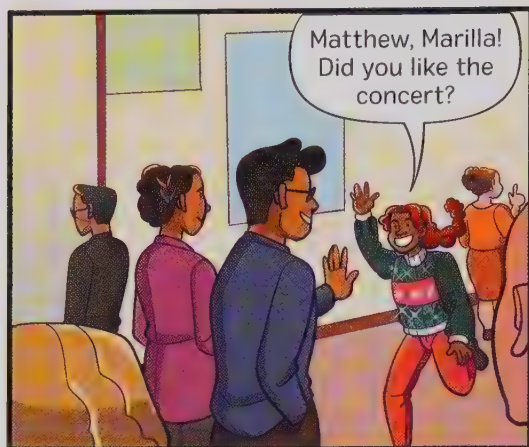




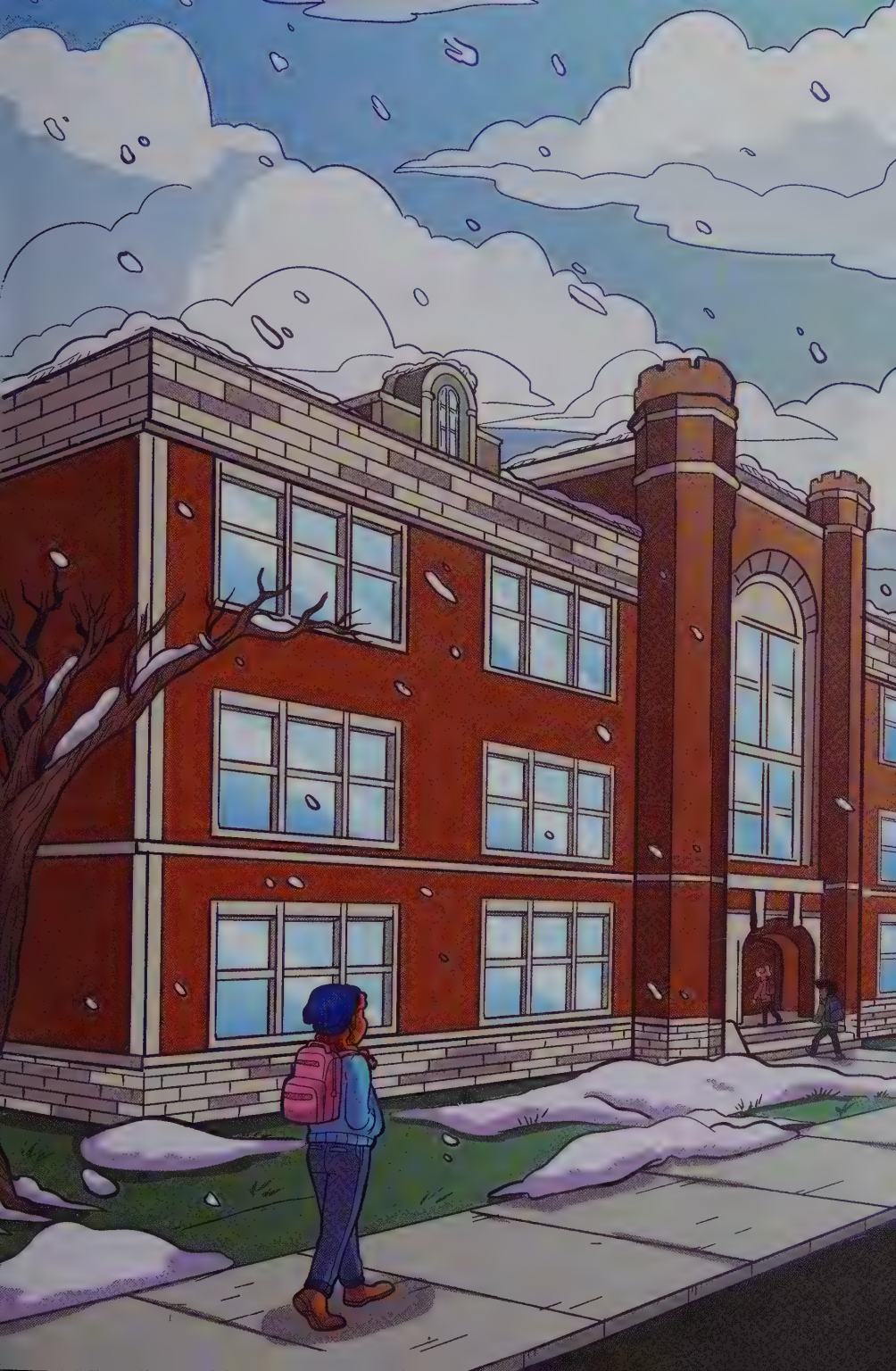


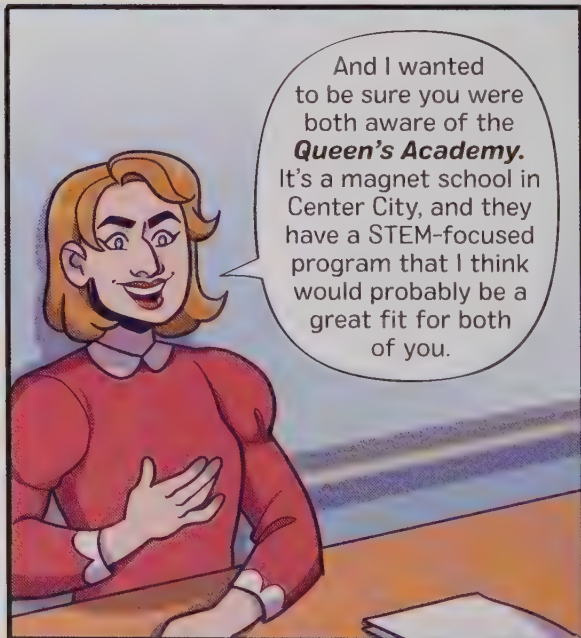
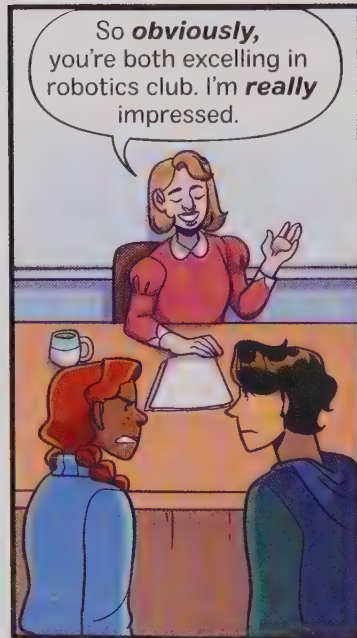
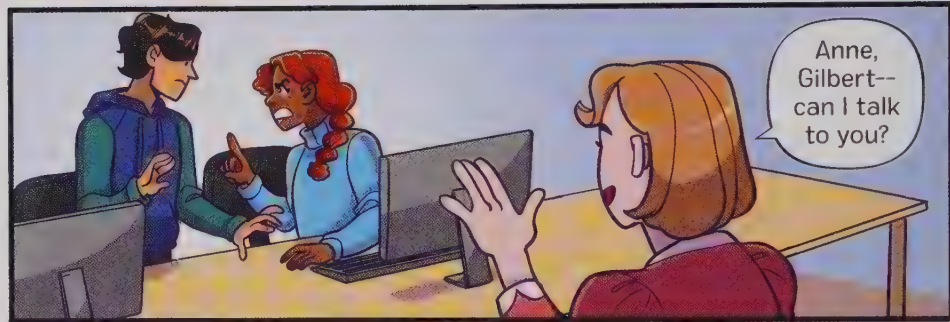
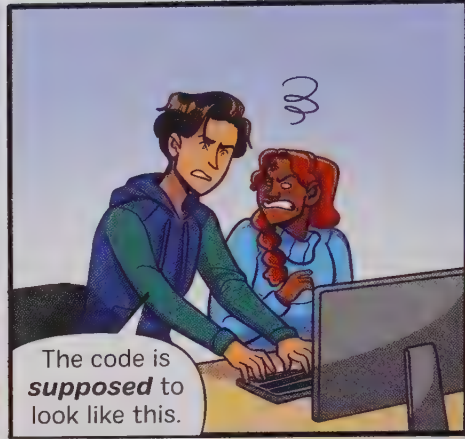




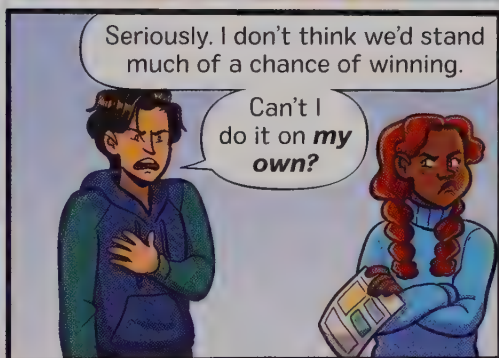
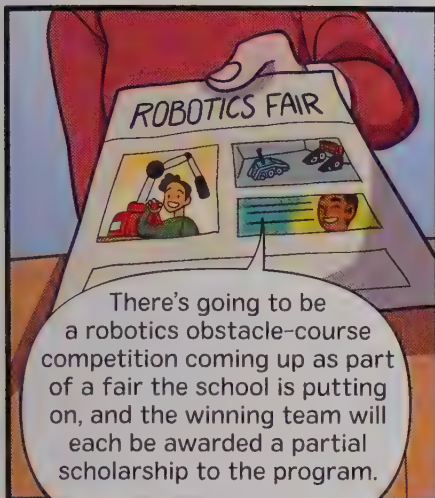


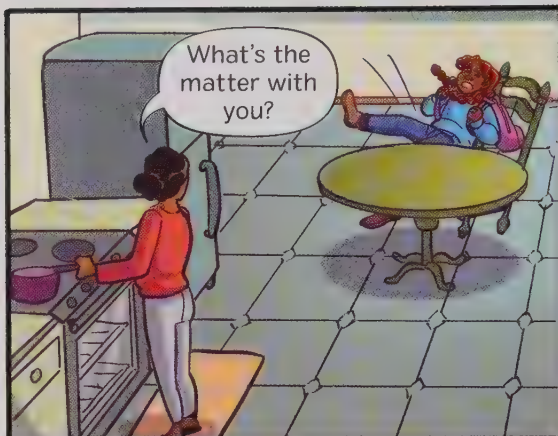




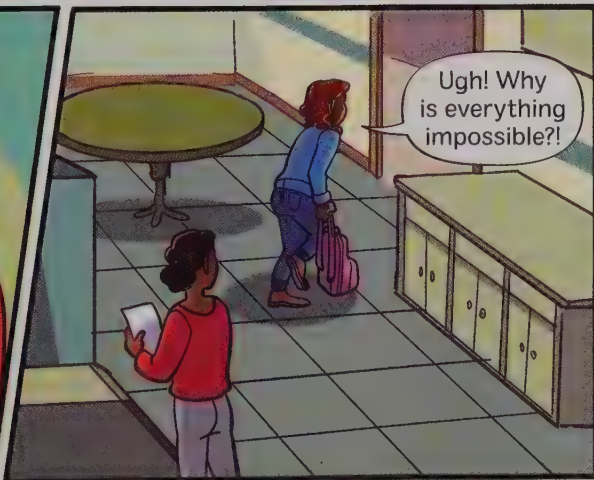
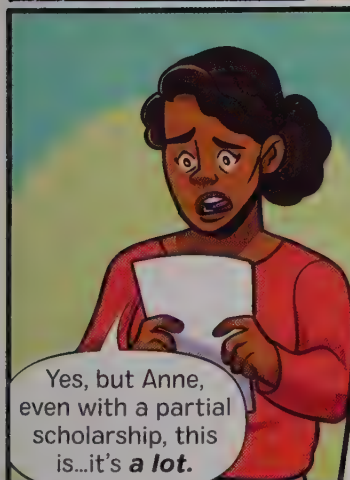


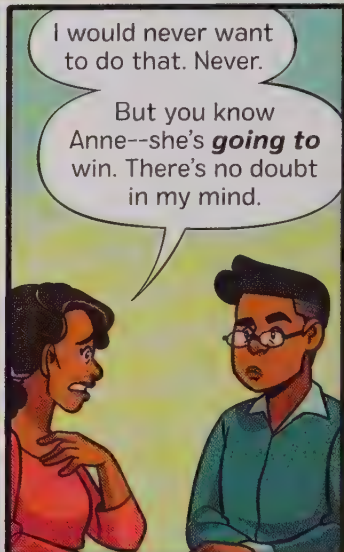
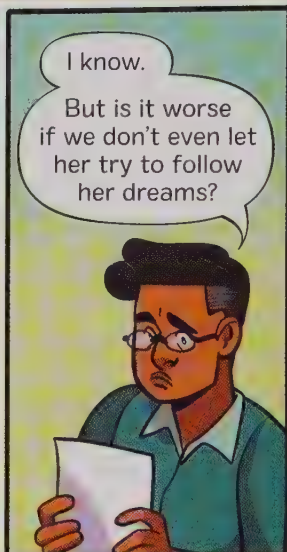
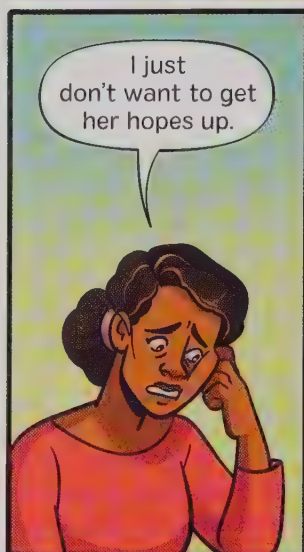




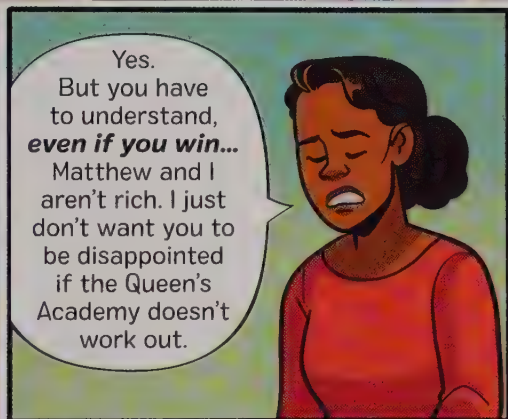
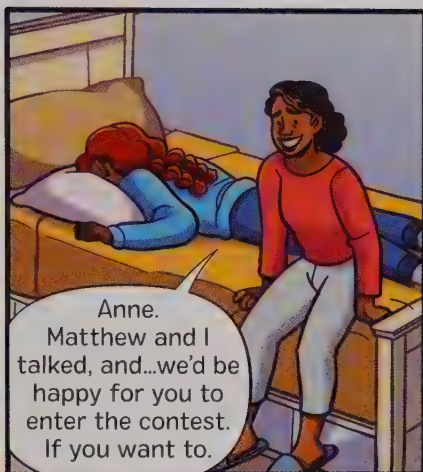
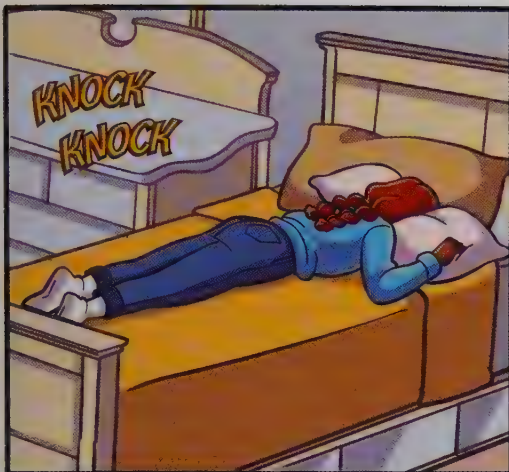


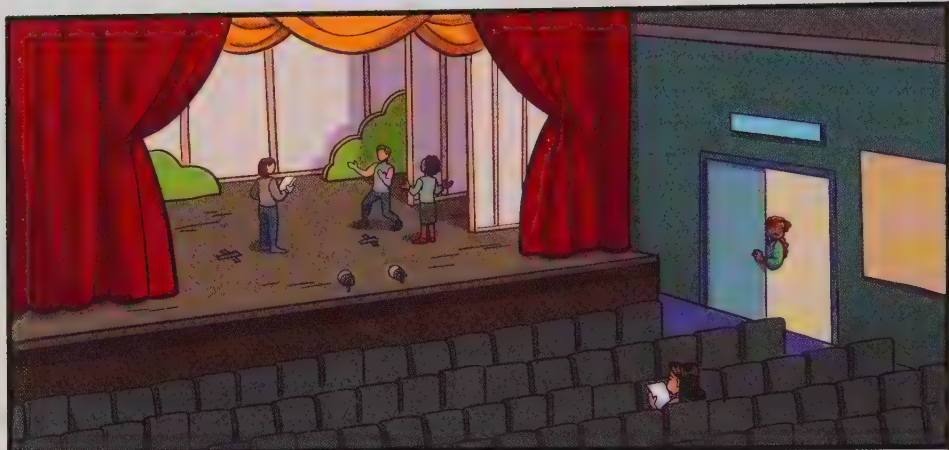








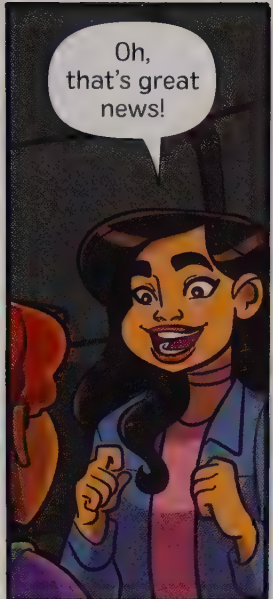








Marilla and Matthew are going to let me enter the contest after all.



Oh, that's great news!



But that means we won't get to go to high school together.



I know. But that doesn't change our houses being close. I won't let our friendship fade at all. You'll still see me so much that you'll be sick of me.



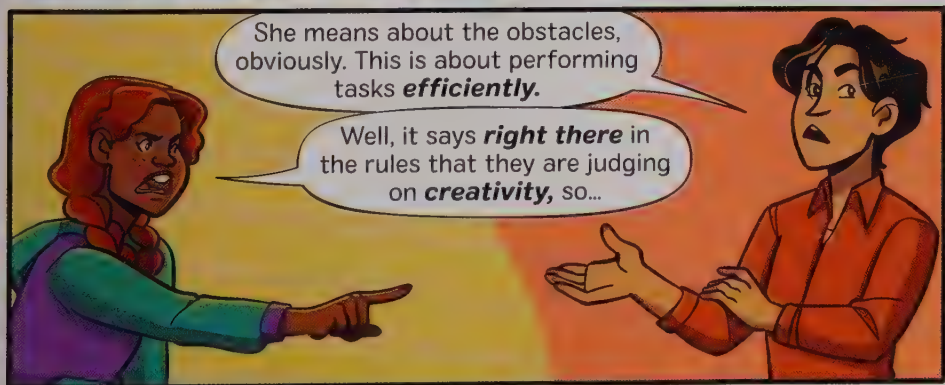
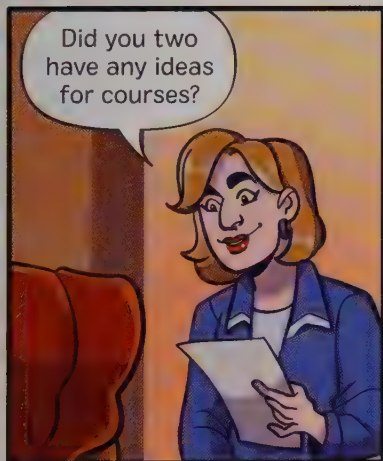
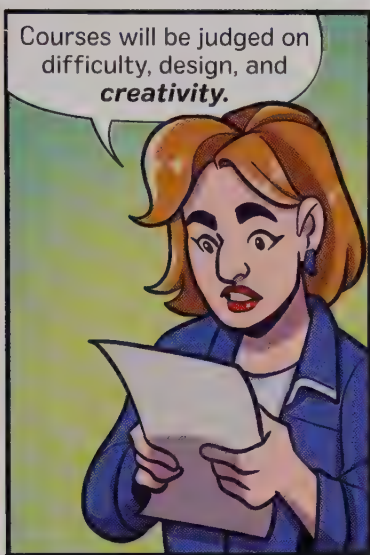
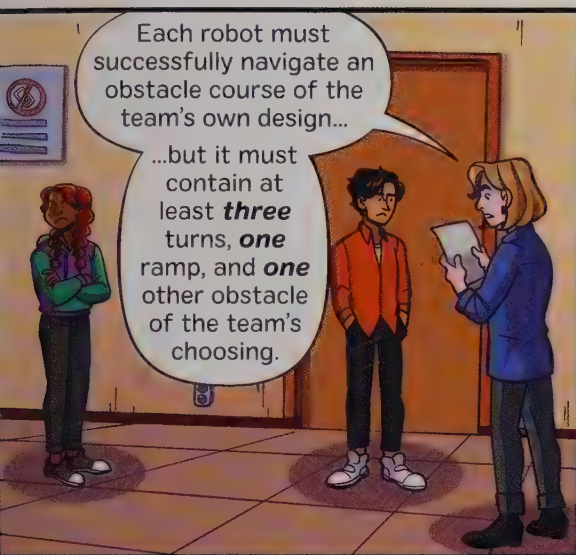
Plus, this all depends on if we even win.

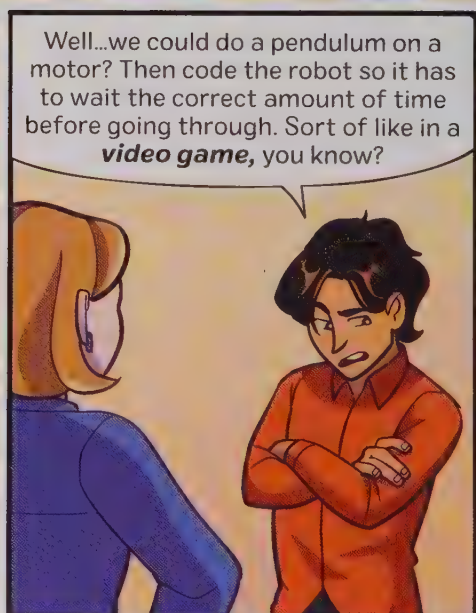
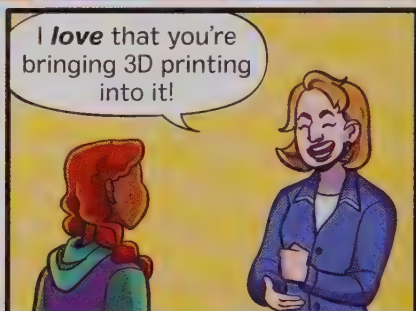
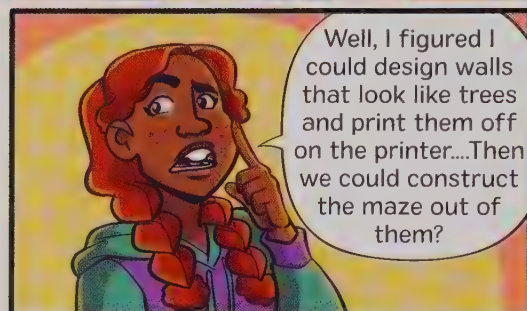
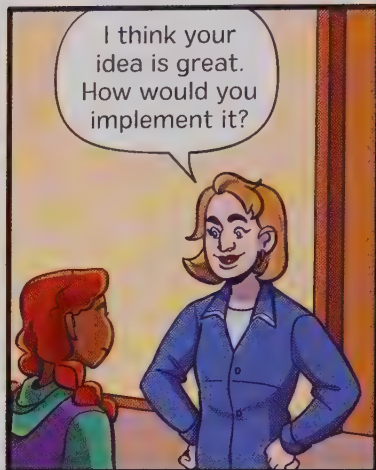
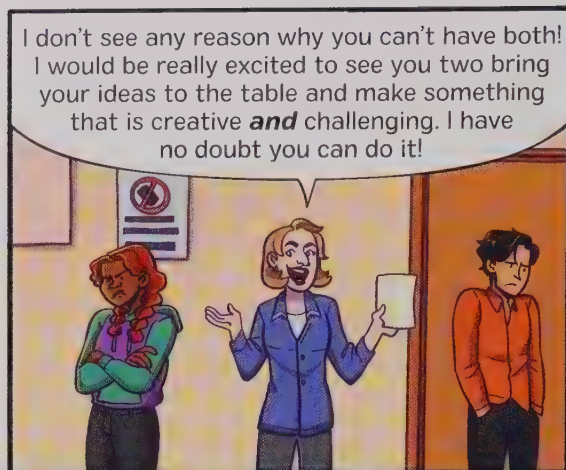


Oh, you're going to.

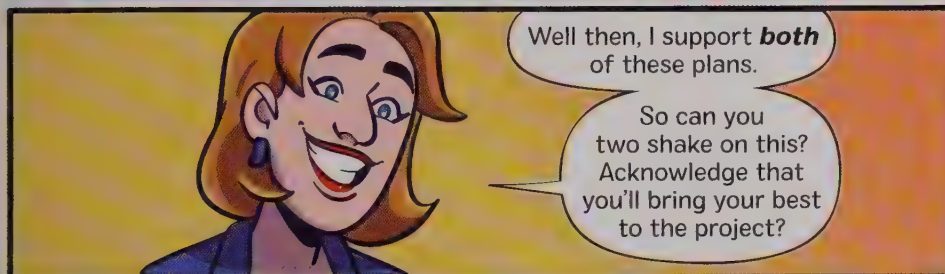


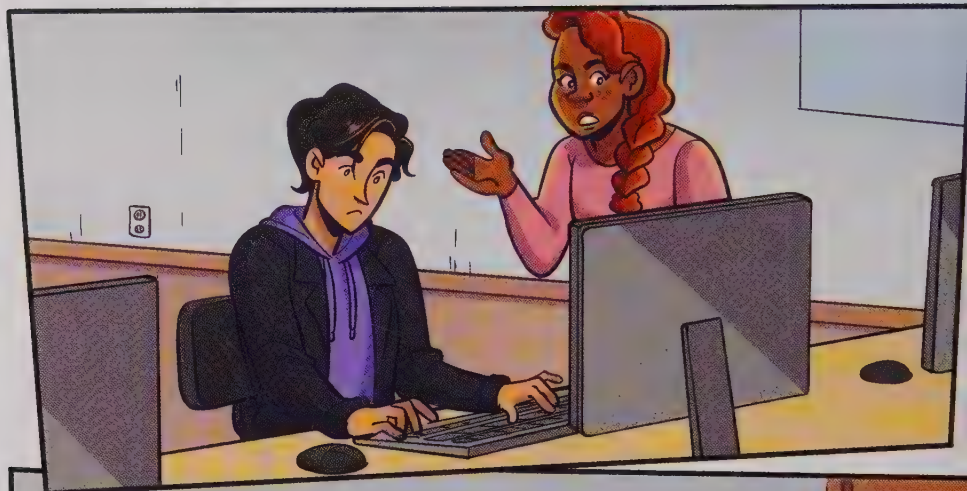




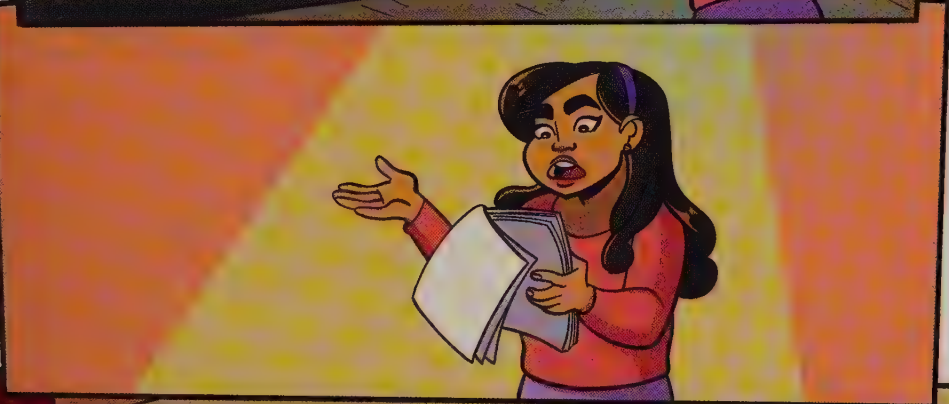














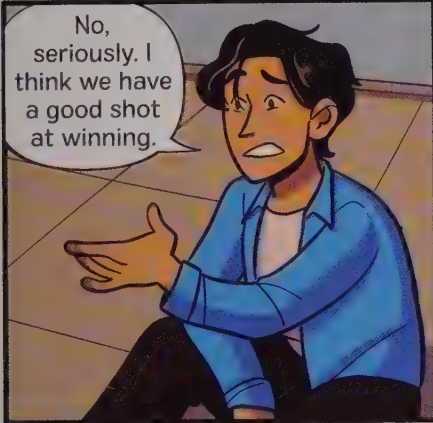




You know,  
I hate to  
admit it,  
but...it looks  
good.



Gee,  
*thanks.*



No,  
seriously. I  
think we have  
a good shot  
at winning.



Well, even if we win,  
I might not be able  
to go to the school  
anyway. Because  
of *money*.

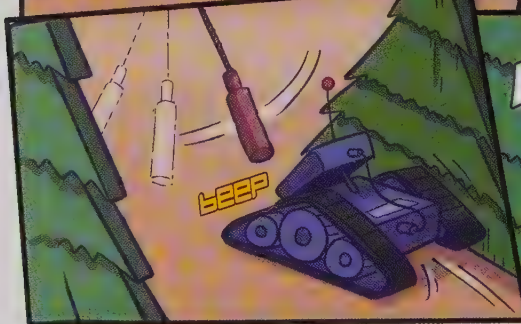
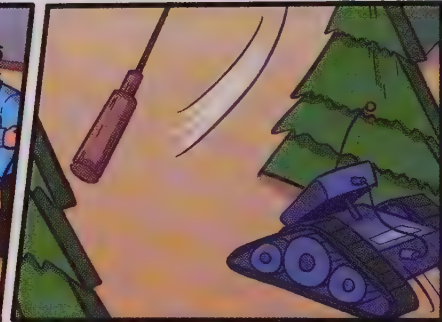
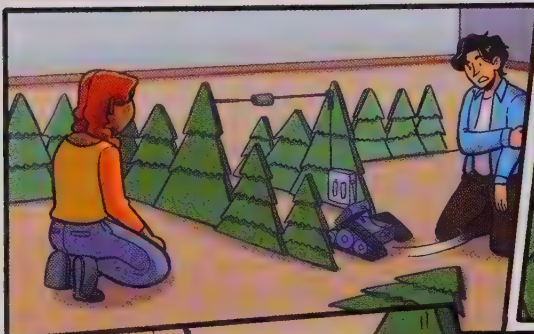


My parents were already  
planning on sending me,  
so winning would just  
be a nice bonus.

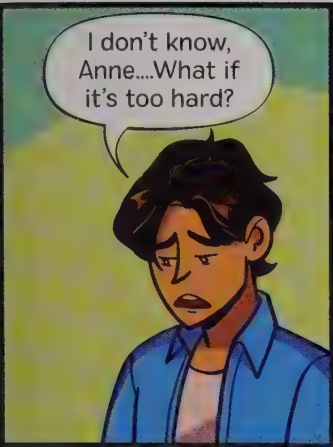
Gosh, must  
be *nice*.



Can you be  
quiet? I need  
to focus.







I don't know,  
Anne....What if  
it's too hard?



Hey, chin up!  
If anyone can  
figure this out,  
it's you and  
me.



I think  
this is the  
*nicest* you've  
ever been to  
me.



Well, you  
know...



Maybe  
you're not so bad  
after all.

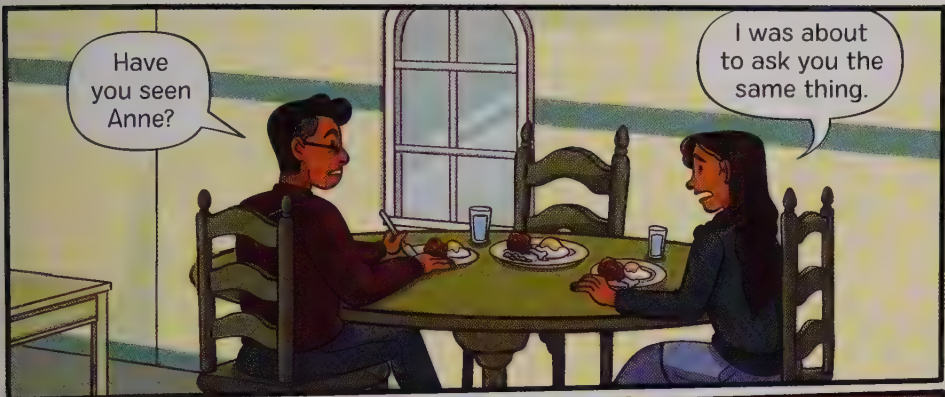


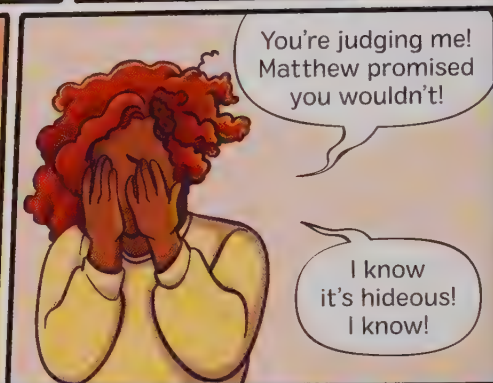
Thanks. You're  
not too bad,  
either.

OK, let's  
try this  
again.













What happened here?



The competition is coming up, and I wanted to look cool for it....



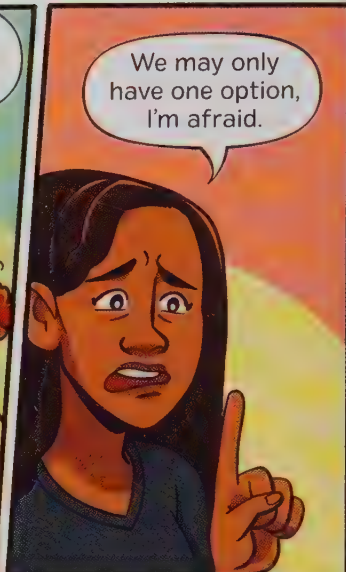
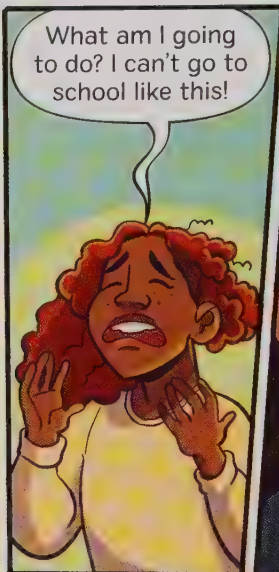
"And I thought I could do one of those really awesome haircuts where one side is short and the other is long, you know?"



"I thought I could just do it myself!!"



But—but...instead I look like **this!**





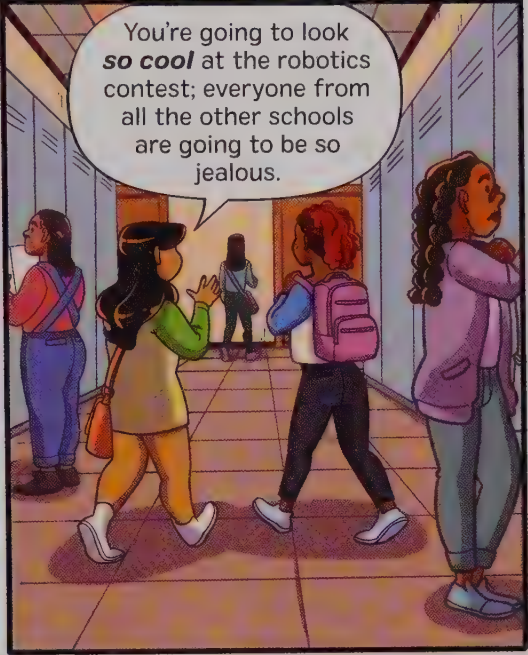








Well, if you  
all say so....



You're going to look  
**so cool** at the robotics  
contest; everyone from  
all the other schools  
are going to be so  
jealous.



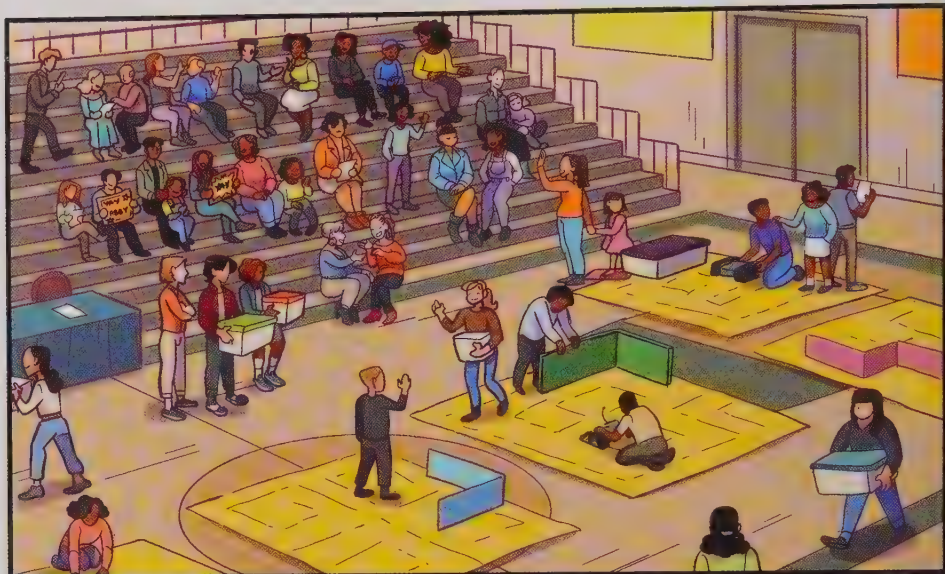
Oh, **hey**,  
Gilbert.









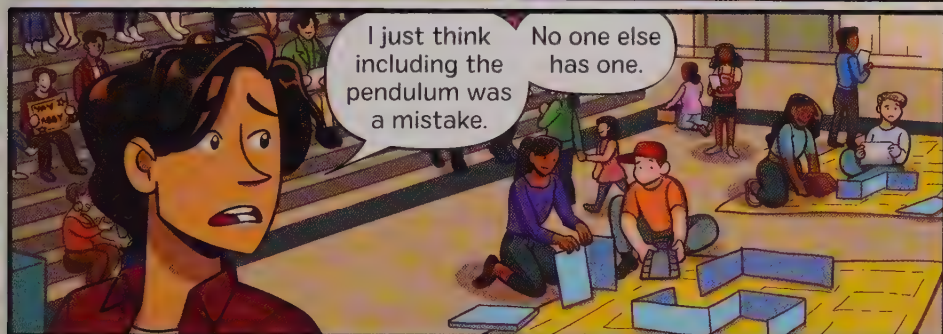


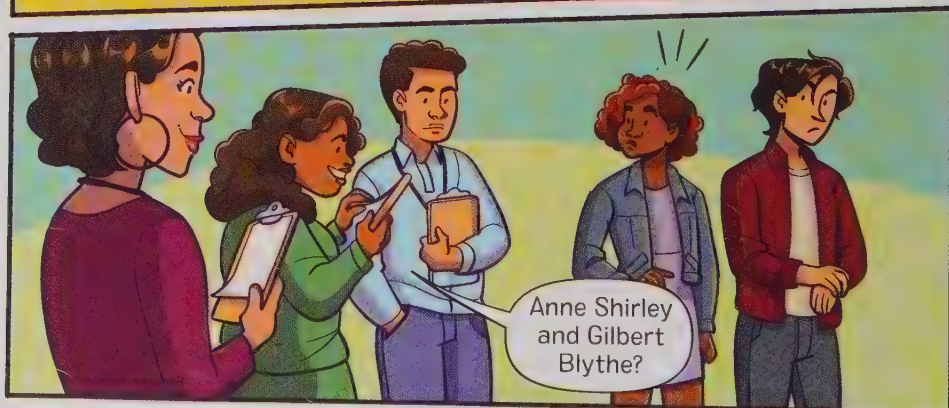
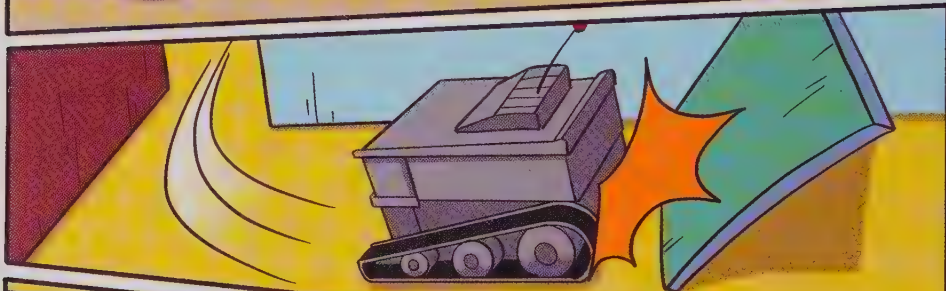
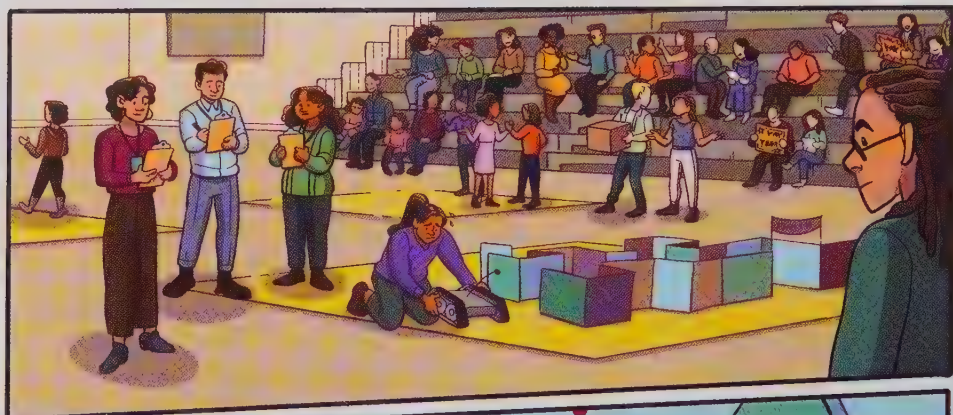
I'm worried we made it too hard. There are unknown variables here. What if the floor slopes differently and that throws it off by a fraction of a second?



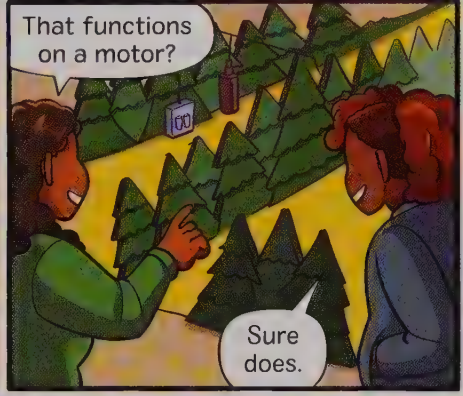
It's supposed to be hard. It **has** to be hard if we want to win. And I don't think they would hold the competition in a room with a **slopy floor**.

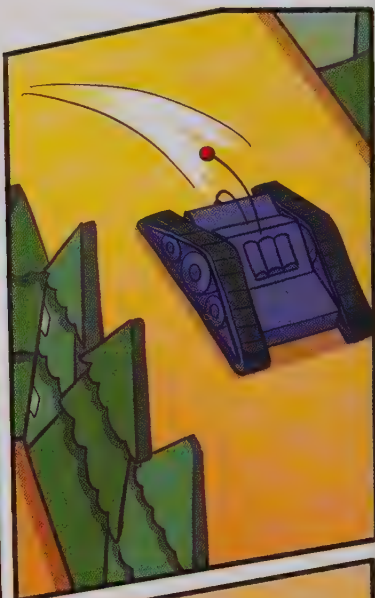






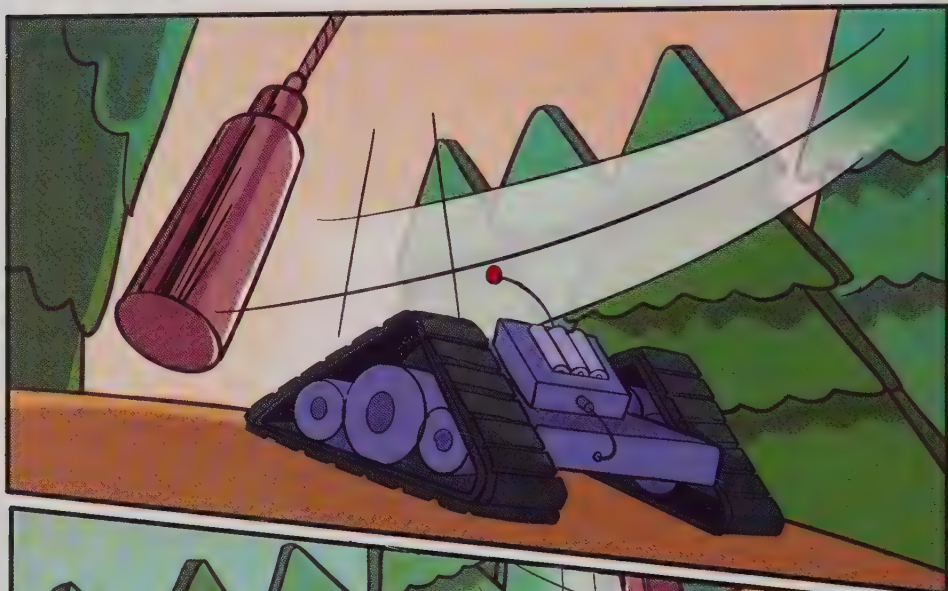






















I'm sorry,  
but I...

...I like  
someone  
else.



I thought that  
might be true.



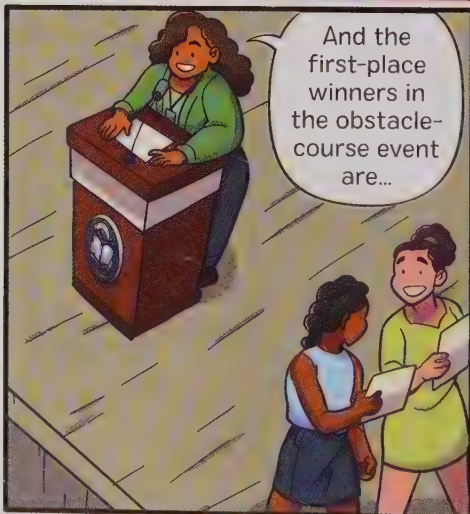
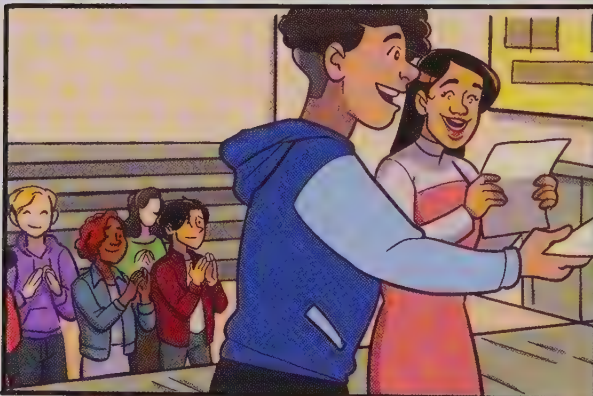
But we can  
still be **friends**,  
right? And the  
best robotics  
team ever?

Absolutely.

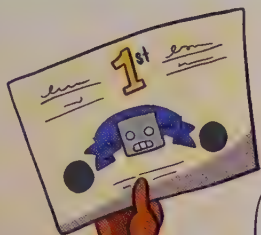


All teams to the floor, please.  
Winners of the obstacle course  
will be announced in five  
minutes!







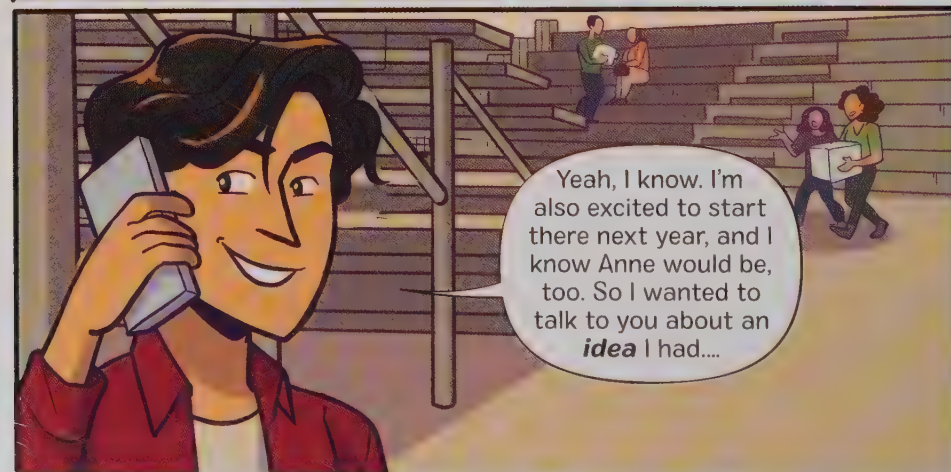
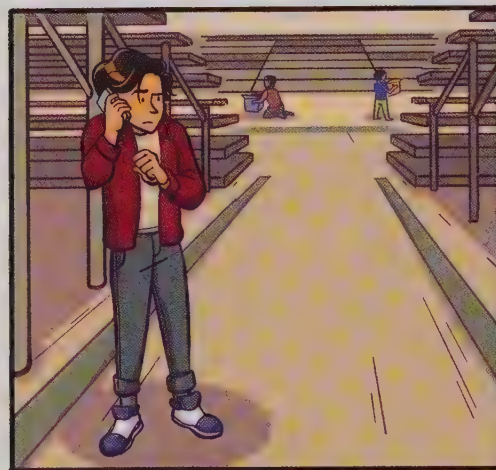


Anne  
Shirley and  
Gilbert  
Blythe!

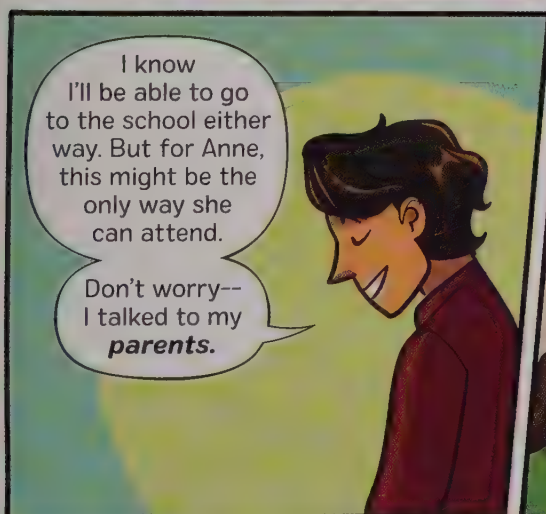
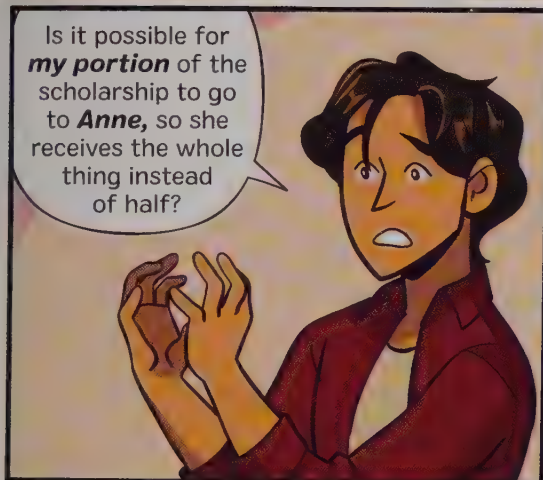
Woo-hoo!

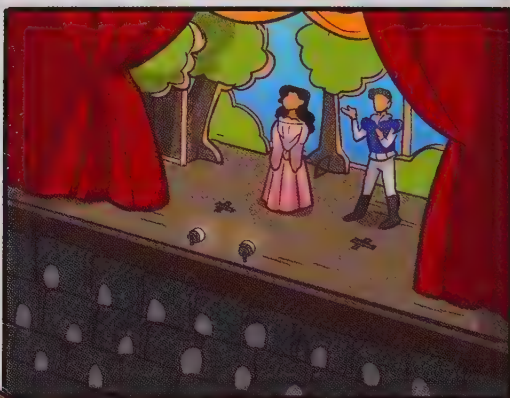
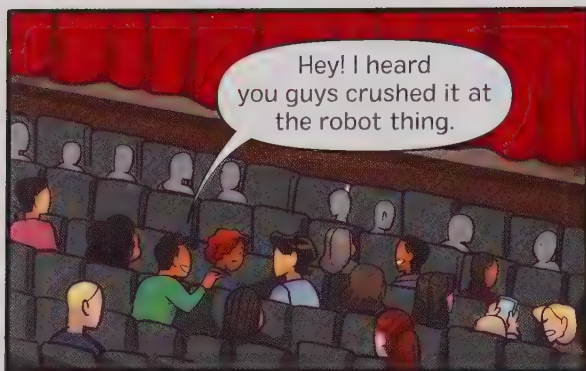
The creativity  
in your "enchanted forest"  
was really special.

Great work,  
you two.

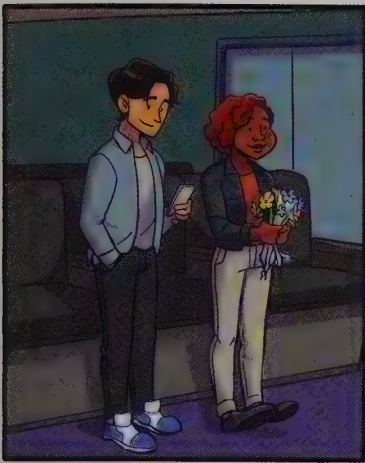


















Hot enough  
for ya?



You ask that  
every day!

Well, it's  
hotter every  
day!



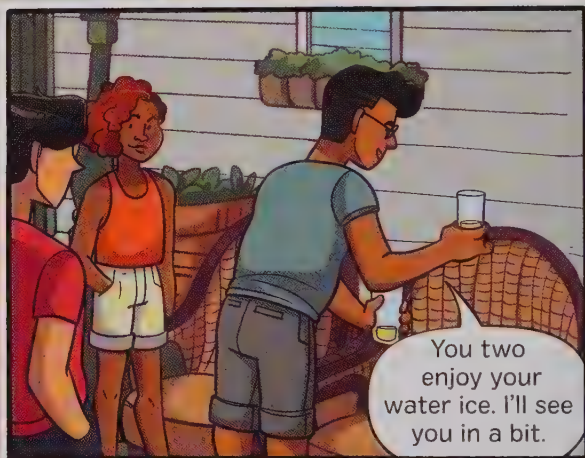
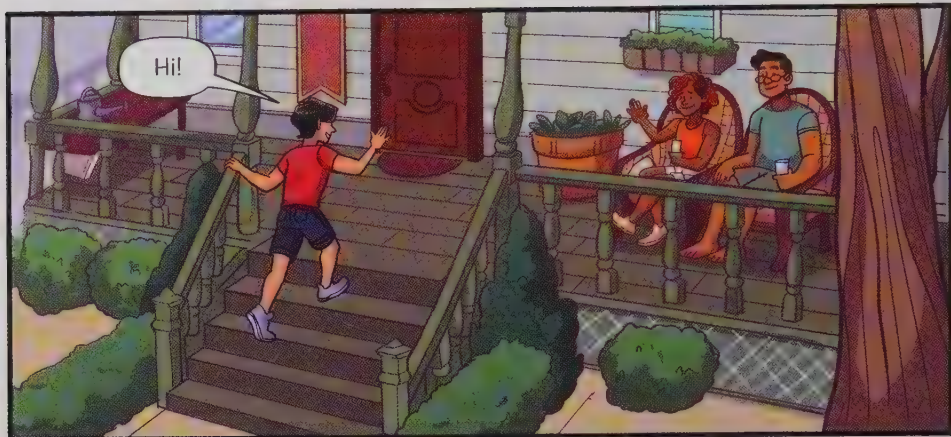
I like it. It's  
like being on  
the French  
Riviera.



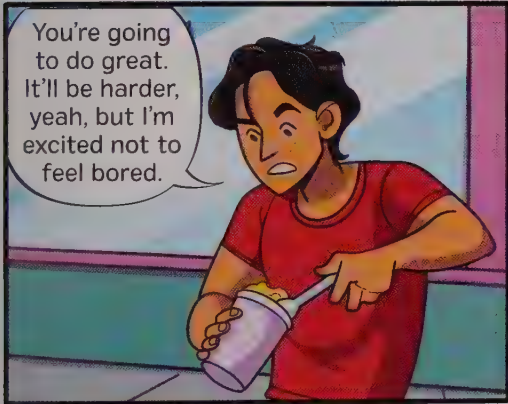
Is it,  
now?

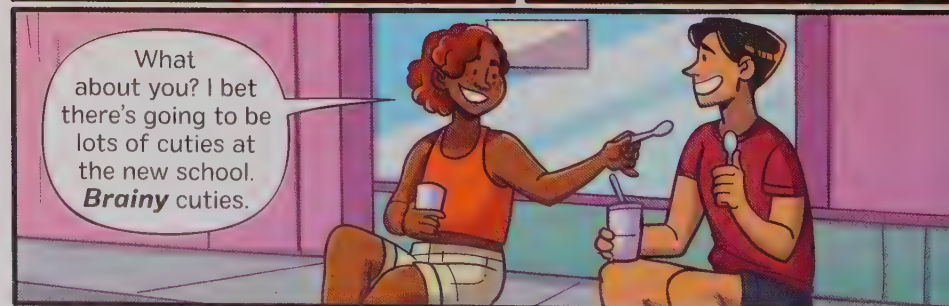


Well,  
I *imagine* it's  
like this.

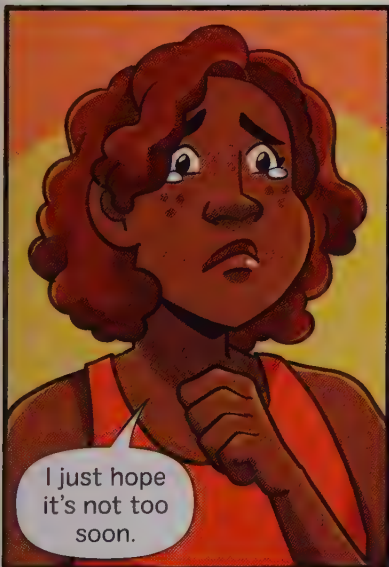
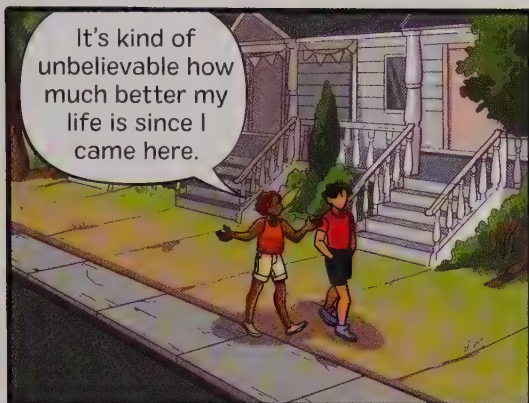


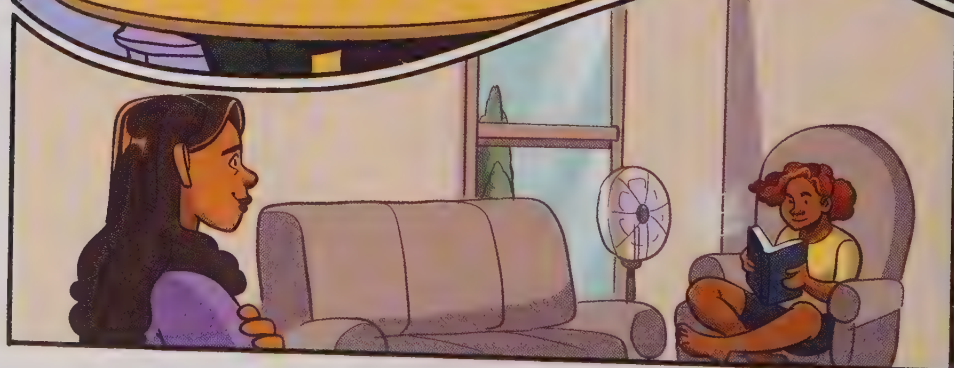
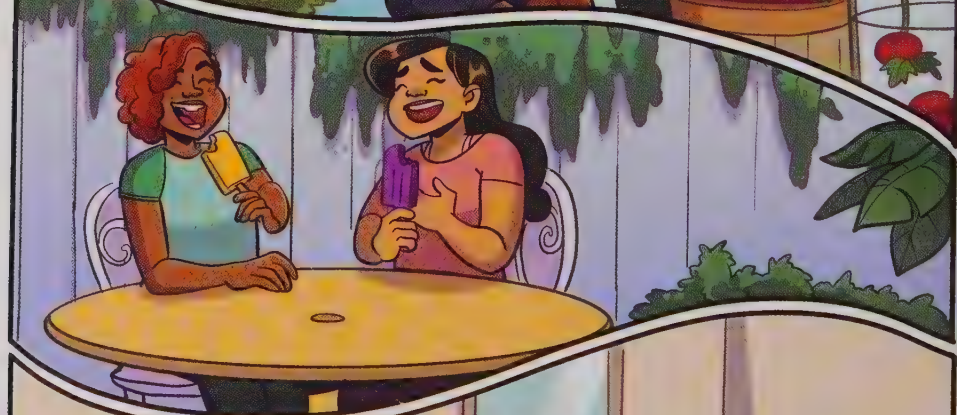






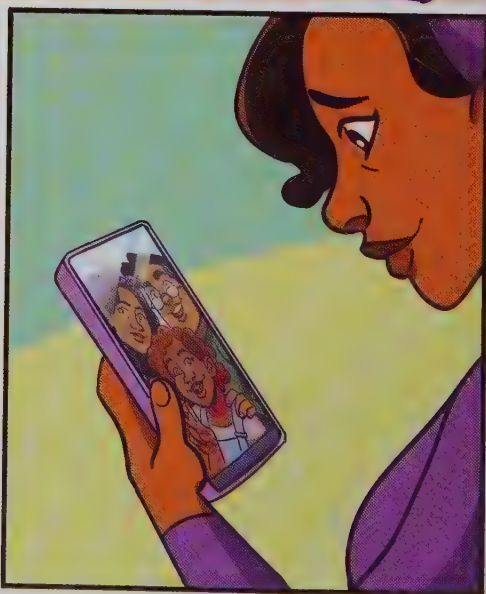




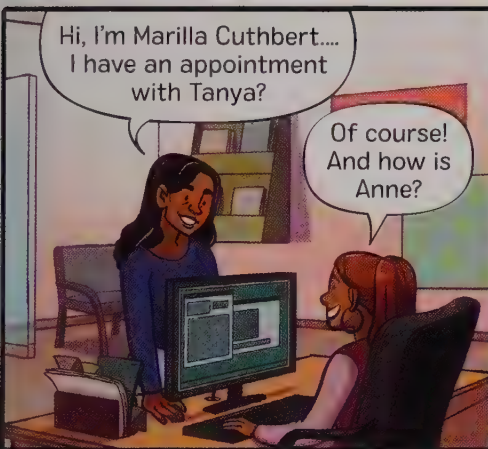


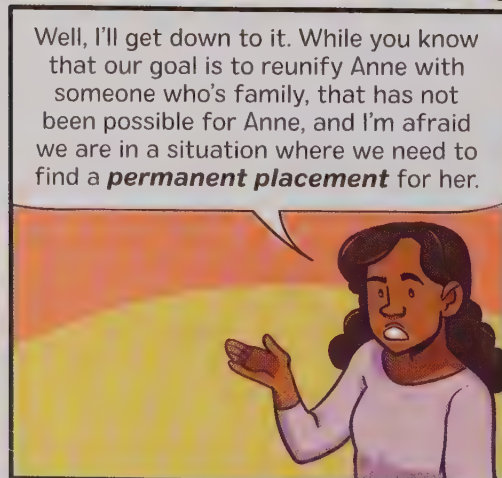
















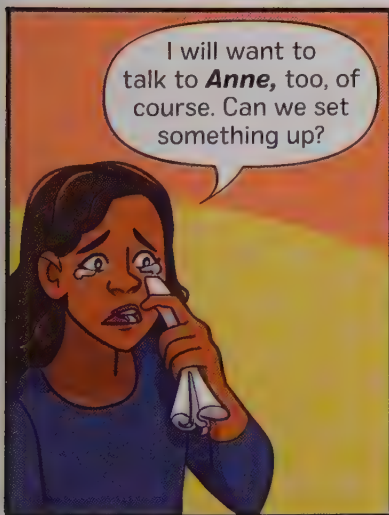
I would have to talk to Matthew, of course, but...yes. Yes, I would **love** to adopt Anne.



I've really come to think of her as **my own**. Even when she's driving me up the wall.



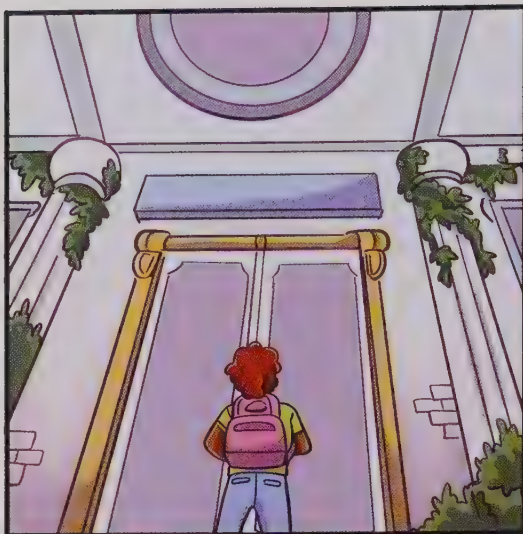
Sounds like a **daughter** to me.



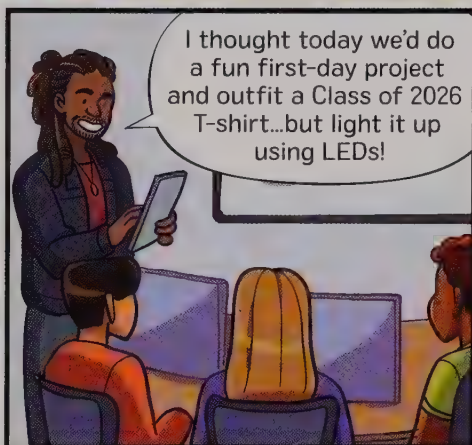
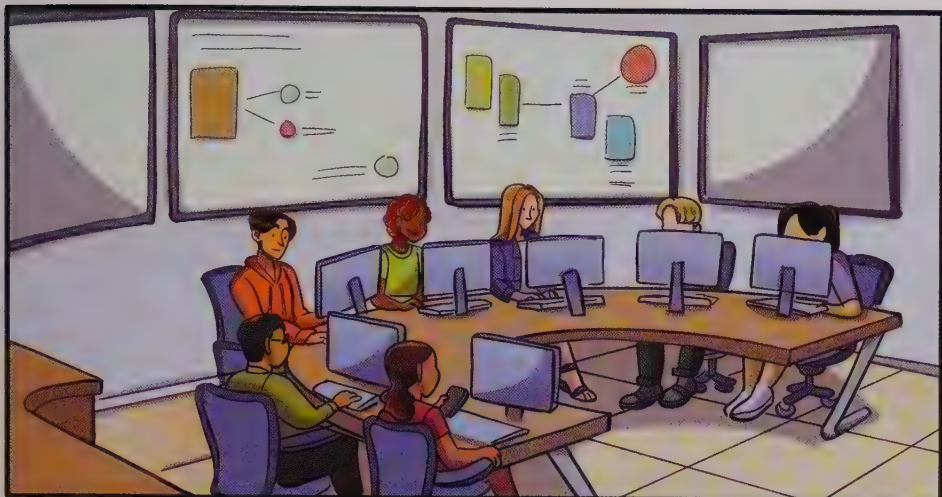
I will want to talk to **Anne**, too, of course. Can we set something up?



Of course! It's a big decision for everyone. We'll all talk soon.







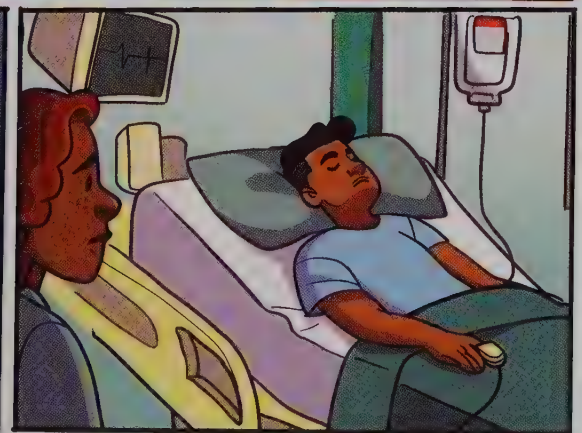


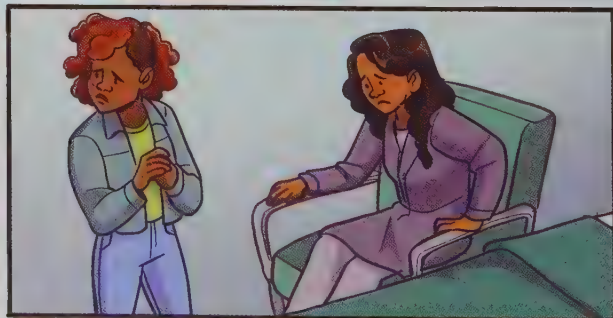




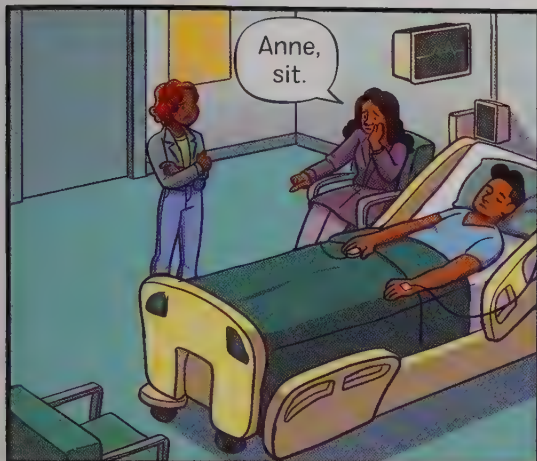












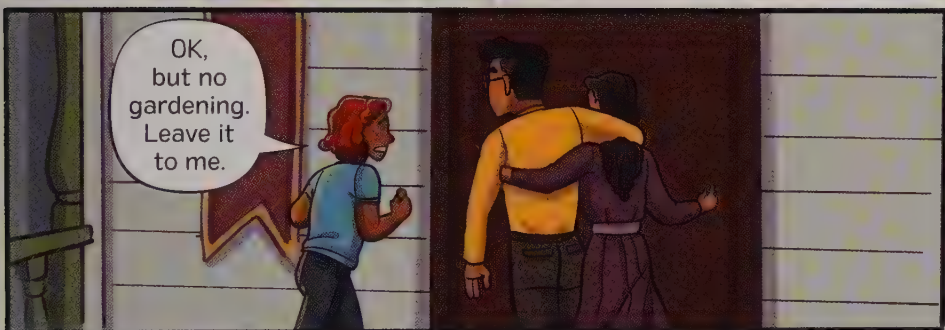


I don't know  
anyone else  
who thinks this  
is funny!

I guess  
we're  
kindred  
spirits.









What's the matter? What's *that*?



The bill for Matthew's stay. His benefits aren't the best, which is probably why he wasn't getting all the checkups he was supposed to.

Turns out, having a heart attack is *pretty expensive*.



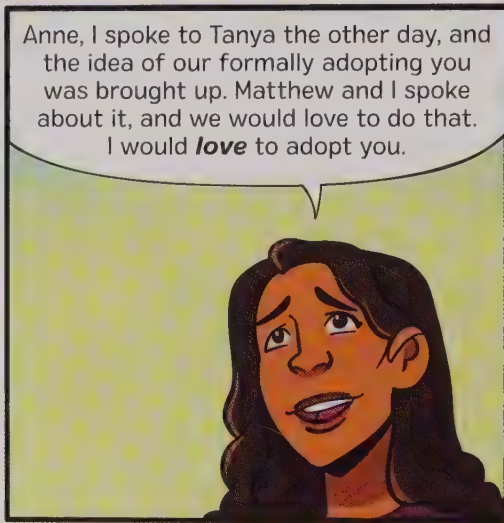
That doesn't seem fair.



No, it really doesn't. It's going to be tough, but if they'll let us do a payment plan, we should be OK.





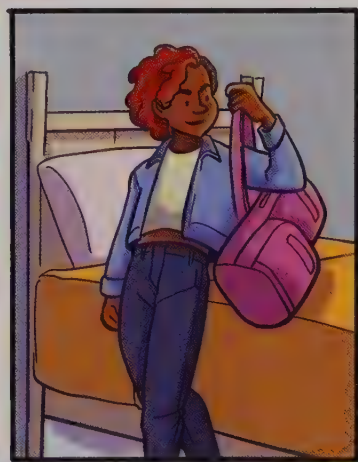
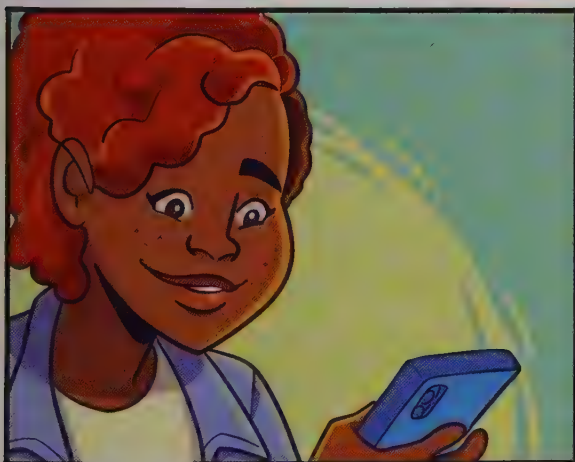
















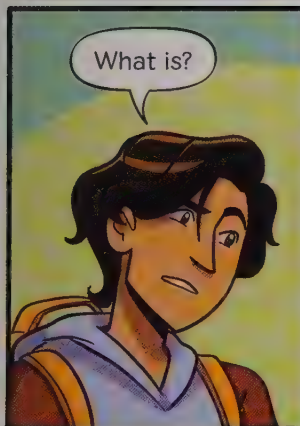










Photo © John

## Ivy Noelle Weir



is a writer of comics and prose. She is the author of *The Secret Garden on Blst Street* and the cocreator of the Dwayne McDuffie Award-winning graphic novel *Archival Quality*. Her writing has also appeared in anthologies such as *Princesses: Girls Rock* and *Dead Beats*. She lives in the greater Boston area with her husband and their two tiny, weird dogs.







Adriana Flores

## Myisha Haynes



is a Sacramento-based comic creator who loves creating BIPOC-focused stories about friendships, adventure, and self-discovery. Besides her modern fantasy webcomic, *The Substitutes*, her work can also be seen in the award-winning anthology *Elements: Fire, Rolled & Tossed, Power & Magic: Volume 2*, and Marvel's *The Unbelievable Gwenpool*. *Anne of West Philly* is her first graphic novel.





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and especially Ching Chan, for their guidance  
and patience in bringing this book to life.







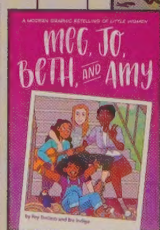




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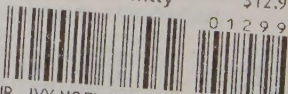
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